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Nevaeh

Book: 49

Book: 1 of Impressions

‘There's a significant difference between falling in love and being in love. There's a significant difference between infatuation and falling in love.’

-Phil McGraw

1

-It is beautifully, disturbing-

A FLICKER… Of LIGHT… down deep in the lake bay… Off to the side… Just barely… you can see this light… On a DEEP… DEEP… DARKNESS, a teen girl has jumped in the water, off the falling down the golden gate, over her poppy love boyfriend backing her hart, after the first time they had sex, she was bad, and he was not good, she is 12 going 13, and he is a douchebag-bag- that need not live, yet I do not want to for I can walk into the school, with all know what I did… even if… Something SHATTERING… is all I

could hear after I was in the drink for a minute or two…

Noticeable… yet waterlogged… the sound was to my passing out ears; muted… I see my life flash before my eyes, I cannot quite make out… and I cannot make it stop think why I want to live now, you do not think about how much you want to live until you feel like you are going to die.

What it is saying… what is that thing saying to me… As it gets LOUDER. And- LOUDER… and so on… When we finally… she said- Understand… little girl you are in- hazard… she said this in robot

impressions, yet as hummin look as it could be in a DISEMBODIED VOICE, she looks the same as me- the same age looking at me, yet not a real-life girl- yet the body naked under all that to looks the same as me, yet all that tells the tale over her not being alive is that her eyes light up- bright blue, yet she has more feeling than I do on the inside, at that moment. DISEMBODIED- she VOICE- HAZARD- Hazard!!!

And then I am saved by hearing and ripped out the water, before taking in too much water, in my lungs that it would be lights out for good.

I Frazeer, have come to this thought, this for I went in after the robot impressions thinking she was the one controlling her mind, telling this little girl to end it! Robot impressions now have a way to get into your head and control your mind and every thought… that you make or do… I would know… they are herring me and telling me what- I can and cannot do now even how I say this… that night after, the girl went to the ER and was said to be okay- there is FRAZEER-in his- rundown yet- cold modern- APARTMENT- FRAZEER'S FACE is distrusted over it all- seeing a young girl want to end it- and no one, but robot

impressions caring- and even in that he was not sure. His eyes, snapping open, after passing out only over execution.

His face, covered in sweat, he is seeing her face over and over in his mind- and then of the other girl- who is a real girl yet not real life, think- why. Fading back, you can see him sitting there thinking hard about life, and the imitation of life, yet to this world, it is all the same. God, they can make real-looking kids- that have more wit than I, yet, I still have to get up to take a leak he said… grown… he makes… after eating a- pp- and J you can see him lying in bed, with the hand-held

hologram of the events- looking his social page seeing that his friend's list is at the lowest it's ever been- over the fact that his girlfriend is calling him crazy- to all that is a woman- and real-life- hell- he thought I could not even get a robot impressions girl to be with me now… (CRAZY BITCH) Sheets, tangled around his legs, and his boxers ripped. Alarm clock, playing something relentlessly cheerful, and he smashes it to the floor.

He Sits up… Wincing… the hologram dance in mid-air, in front of his eyes, and the thought or all the others play in his mind like a song, that will not

end or stop, he/her all the thought, yet that is today's world hearing all the thoughts of everyone, can even take a shit alone, he said, that see through me, using my eyes cameras. Chatter- human and robot impressionistic chatter- children chatter- it all runs through him, that just bends his thought and his mind till it feels like scramming.

His ARM is Unbending it feels, he reaches for a BOTTLE OF PILLS, shakes out a couple and swallows them, and takes a hand full, knowing that robot impressions would not let him pass without singing well, of death consent, for

them to inject, yet that is after being a given age, for them to say you have that right too.

Trying to forget… That is all is playing over and over like a real dream… like a dream- yet, there before him to see in the back of his wondering eyes. You are in danger… he hears it over and over… seeing her face, scared and alone. There you can see him as he rubs his hands over his face. Gets back into our bed, hoping not to live another day like that, busting is a girl-bot, to pump his gut- not asking just doing without free well, there is no well given to a citizen, not after all the war.

2

His apartment, basic, drapes moth-eaten, dark, bleak, damp, dim, holes in the walls, on by a mouse, lights flicker, would subfloors, ripped up rugs, the place on like the rest of the world, one that is still standing from the early 1800’s Billian- now about 200 years old, should be ripped down, said one robot impressions, that I would not even live in this dump, Unremarkable, the stare is they give- creep like. Bearing the signs of someone who lives alone, that has lost everything along with his mind.

Shades were drawn… on-like the rest of the world everything in this dump must be down by hand, yet that is how he likes it, it reminds him of how the world was before, or even his childhood, and the flashbacks play on the full-color hologram on his wrist, screen, then back to his first love, first kiss, and first time falling in love- he was thinking- WHY…? A little messy, he wished to all that we are looking in on him, saying- do not look- on girl robot impressions said therefore no one likes you- and why you can even get a girl like me- what happened to you… the imitation of life asked.

Now he is in the- SHOWER- now MORNING, the sun rising slowly, fog burning off- in the yellowing haze- of what was once a night- light by the red glow of all colors, and racing lights of cars, on tall soring rams, linked to high-rises, and track-less trans, on maglev… Unlike all of them-FRAZEER-turns his face into the jets of water- showroom glass robot impressions looking over him in the room, not a worm- barley- hot- more like next to freaking cold.

I don’t have any rights given if a robot impression wants to take over me, I don’t have any say in what a robot

impression gives me, or how I should live my life, it’s all There’ say for they think is safer this way, not to have a say. They can age you at their well and your life at their well, give you smarts and take them back at their well- without your say to do say- your life is in their hands, and they do not have hurt as you know- nothing but could and monarchical- the way it must be… I can be inside a girl at any time too even if that girl at that time is a, masturbating 10-year-old, and I feel her coming out hard and she has no idea I am there- as they say looking over the youth. And I feel all over her lower tangling, as she

trembles, I feel all that is her body in mine… at any given time.

Look at this man- broken well, he is shaving with a razor.

He is using his left hand, over the one that was rebuilt- Knicks the cleft of his chin, and the blood runs. ‘Shit…’ walking into the KITCHEN, it still early- MORNING, the streetlight has not yet gone out.

Stares down at the two eggs in a frying pan. Waiting for it to cook over-easy.

Walking through the HALLWAY, MORNING sun rays shining in the windows that run floor to ceiling. He is now heading down the hallway. Loop-de-loop and-a pull- he makes a knotted tie around his neck, for the day to the office. He takes a deep breath and... holds it, thinking about not letting it go- and the flashbacks start when he was a child. He kicks some neglected mail from the door and reaches for the handle and staring at him is the robot impressions mail girl saying- Hello, he does not respond. A modern, contemporary, up-to-the-minute-cold SUBURBAN STREETS like webbing-up high looking like ants below, high rise

overlapping high rise, and runways- for all means of transportation. Concrete jungle, he... steps outside into the rush of all- more bots than life- scary he thought there taking over the race.

Into the flow of COMMUTERS heading for the elevated trains. Elbow to elbow- butt to butt, A river of mortality… and the smell of death, and the work dying like the sun, that has brunt way to scorching in the 50 years, that changed climate like humans, has changed some in look. FRAZEER moves along, like everyone else, not trying to stand out yet, does not blend in. Suddenly, his shoulders

tense, along with the thoughts of all runs in his mind. That feeling at the back of his neck, all the non-breathing people, creeping upon him. Friendly- yet that may not be the right thing for this man, to deal with… He turns and sees… just kid robot impressions, along with real boys and girls on their way to school, the bots know more he thought- said- said only.

A ROBOT IMPRESSIONS having more than a child- at play or finding their way in life- said. Just behind him, as I said- are all these- Humanoid, and all-around above, and on the ground, in design, but still obviously, a machine, yet

looks like you and I. Metal and parts on the inside, and synthetic casings covering hydraulic muscles, on the inside, yet look like the skin on and hair on the out- like us. The thing senses his stare. Looks up with a muted HUM...

3

ROBOT IMPRESSIONS-

(Metallic voice, yet human- to a point- sweet- kind… yet wrong…)

Good day, sir... she said… Frazeer, speeding up his pace… to get away from her, weaving through the crowd to lose the robot impressions, that

is just like his childhood girlfriend, she was made to be her- after she passed her mind is in the bot- it is her- yet not in her old body- just her ways- her thoughts- her mind- in a bot body.

There is nothing like have a young girl all pressed up to you feeling her hold body and chest, I remember the first time, I was nude in a bed with a girl, and her young face was looking at me the way it did then 20 so years ago- it was wrong - the way I was feeling back now that I am older and she just a mind in a bot. I find it hard to love her - even if- she all there- yet not - yet they would say be

happy what you got- and I said no. The holograms play on the wall screen, even if not asked to do so- for his amusement.

The street packed with traffic… shiny cars, that air stream in shape. Do we now comprehend this is- THE FUTURE- no…? Um- just by looking around- could heartless, lifeless, yet imitations of it everywhere. Towering apartments all over the place, he said under his breath, buildings block the sun, that so- hot it is going could. Just like the mom and now the fake ones like the fake plants now up in the sky that we now inhabit also, that look like earth, yet are

not the same, yet we live there, I could go there if I had the money. Yet why…? This hell land is where home is to me… you look up and see lush… and down here the leftovers of what they killed.

PERAMBULATORS are wearing their computers like form-fitting portable offices. FRAZEER-throws a look at his surroundings- say- ‘MY GOD.’ Up high an INDUSTRIAL ROBOT IMPRESSIONS rolls down the side of a building cleaning windows, looking into a nude teen girl about 14 who is shaving her vagina, legs part- getting in there- and the look on both- is priceless- ha-um- there is still

some modesty left in this world. Sorry, Miss- her green eyes- wet, and her brows bent, in mmm- and embarrassment... it said- in her internal ear- headset we all have this imparted at birth, to see and feel, and be as safe as they say- and the other chip- I shit you not the chip that runs it all is in your ass- and it all wireless- always in your head- chatter- the chatter of all, anyways he the bot looking in at this sweet thing did not stop its job. A WORK CREW of nothing but ROBOT IMPRESSIONS professionally repairs the street.

No human supervision, needed, life, and the imitation of it goes on. A ROBOT IMPRESSIONS CLEAN-UP CREW. Lumbering along the sidewalk, they are scrubbing, sweeping, and doing the grunt work, like the black would say they used to do- like me.

Emptying trash... Humanoid ROBOT

IMPRESSIONS of those that are no longer alive, yet they are all there, yet to be soulless, impressions, of their old, and what they are not... dotting in and out of the crowd. Following their owners, and yet we do that- to keep them with us- yet

they are starting to keep us. Walking slowly, intentionally, just Carrying boxes with Amazon swooshes on it with a smile, droids flay around more than birds. Groceries getting, Briefcases, holding they do all the work and all we do is sit on our butts, playing with IT, or in IT.

Some get the bots to do that for them too, with dating them… just think a girl that is made for you and what you want- and well not- GIVE YOU FREAKING FREAK SHIT! You want a rub or a dip- there more than happy to do- yet they are as real as fake can get, they even bleed, and PMS- the baby- dollie has grown up-

he thought- hastily.’ I thought it- pissing was cool… back in the bad, they were coming out when I was five… and got one- a girlfriend- always.’ stamped on all the ROBOT IMPRESSIONS SIDES, a LOGO-ACTS SAFE, mind to mind. FRAZEER- stops to wait at a light with other WALKERS- think that what they take and give.

Directly in front of him, a LITTLE 5-year-old GIRL, with long hair down her back, clutches her father s neck, butt naked, cannot afford coverings, yet the bots have more. She smiles big at Frazeer, showing off her goodies from the

back to the cold world. Front teeth missing.

‘Hi.’ she said in baby talk…

‘LITTLE GIRL’ nodes…

He saw her face fad off- he -walks onward…

4

You are not allowed to talk to strangers- yet in his mind, he was chatting with the little girl like a dad to her- and a mate in a few years- it a plan he thought, he thought- so-o- she must be an awareness for now- we see- feel and corresponded someday- in the time given.

Frazeer, sickened, at his mind wondering, think about her getting older- and the world, she should be dating at 7 he thought mine for the taken, and he stops looks around say' MY GOD.' Has had enough… He steps off the curb, which is on-maned, just as…

THE TRAFFIC SIGNAL swivels around, saying go top speed and get there... Training its large digital EYE on him, yet he lost in his innocents- as he gets out now downtown- even denser. More TRAFFIC Light's more sound, crazier, yet, he was lost in the little girl, for she was not of this world yet.

Please return to the sidewalk, a bot said… ’Kiss my ass…’ he said ‘I do not think by law I could do that without you given rights… said the humanoid, of an older worker, ‘umm’ he said… FRAZEER- dodges several cars on his way across the street.

I passed a teen girl robot impression and he had red hair, she passed this year over singing out of real life, now she is an imitation of it- she had blue headphones on, big glowing green eyes with lashes, long, vary- very- pale toned skin- yet that is all that has imitation, tiny yellow hoodie, with Hello

Kiddie on it… soft pink lips, and eyelids, pink, black, and white plaid skirt, a white and pink book bag.

Just bouncing along like there is nothing wrong with the world, she/her- yet, is she? Look at them with different hair colors, this one has red, from her brain scan before the end this is what she said she wanted. In two ponies… she does not look lift or right… lock in 14 forever. The traffic signal, tracking him, just like the government, and all that is higher than him.

You, sir- violate city, it said in his mind over and over- stick to the ordinance 14-A-1991…

FRAZEER-throws up his hand, saying get out of my head holding a pistol to his temple, yet no one around thought this was old, just par-for the cores… in this world- that we live… Flipping it the bird just as click- SPUR-OF-THE-MOMENT! It takes video of him, from above- down and around- 360, there is always an eye on you- in all places in every room, more than what is right- so much it makes your body feel as it is you of itself.

5

A teen girl- said walking by ‘I bet the Chinese food here is terrible?’ ‘Are you a cop-?’ popping gum, what…? The little girl-?

‘How's your Chinese food?’ She said annoyingly.

‘You keep on asking about that. Can't you, tell they do not have Chinese restaurants unless you go to that part of town? Let us everybody know-a you are a tourist, to get mugged. Come on… he said to the girl showing her the way…’

It now later the same MORNING on the white- MONORAIL- FRAZEER- stepping onto a sleek, densely packed TRAIN, yet more imitations of life than life it is self. He Looks down at his feet, seeing his out-of-date shoe. A trampled caterpillar on the ground, he squashed, saying you are not going to be lovely either' U- DEAD.' Change in a' THEM' and he points- and all the walks that are imitations, a robot impression gets up, his hands to clean up the bug, saying that was on called for. Then he had offered him his seat, do him like if he was black- and wants his rights. Frazeer… all the plant life- dying- looking out as the train

moves forward, he turns his back on him, he calls himself, John, he Pulls BACK from the window to REVEAL, that fact, he wanted to see the world that, I do not care for... Looking over the CITYSCAPE 1,000 feet (about the height of the Empire State Building) or so-o up, it is so-o emotionless, unsympathetic, unemotional, unfriendly, and taciturn; amber in color MONORAIL - CONTINUOUS to push forward. The TRAIN hurtling toward INNER CITY- center.

Spiraling, gravity-defying OFFICE BUILDINGS dominate the skyline. Older buildings wedged among the new.

Everything is protected by huge glass and steel shields. As we get closer congested roads, and freeways begin to disappear below ground into a series of subterranean tunnels. The old streets have become huge, spacious plazas, malls, shopping centers- schools, restraints, and shops. FRAZEER-he is moving now with the CROWD towards the doors of the aging… Police Head office- where he works. Modern accompaniments have been made to the original façade- creating an awkward architectural mess.

6

FRAZEER-arrives at his desk, ‘The MURDER UNIT’ is a vast open-plan situation room lined on one side by a series of glass-enclosed rooms. On the other side a GIANT SCREEN with real-time video of various streets and buildings. Unlike the others, it is a confused place to be. A slender computer screen curving along the front of it, you can see right through its translucent. Quite a lot of electronic messages say the same thing, and nothing of relevance,’ when they are nothing but dead guys and lady’s- that when have- some new life make for them if they have the money and the wish after their body has been cut

open and then burnt- SEE Her- 5 - see this one 10, see this girl to 6- all dead- kids that do not matter, over the fact they just wanted out of this world and did not have the money to go out into space for a real chance!

‘The MURDER UNIT’ is more like the sing yourself out the program- he said, and I am sick of seeing your faces, saying they cannot take it.

~*~

Our jail was condemned this morning. He said to a girl- for touching a

feeling… That is why we are bringing you all-out to the state corrections facility.

Unlocks the gate! He said- to a young girl- that took it to fare with a girl on the street, getting her exposed more than law lets- for the age.

~*~

Go on through.

(Prisoner's cheer and whistle!)

Hose her down… at the end of the cage.

Photo, ID, and Number- and chip implant this time saying you are a- what

you are… with the others that are mind-reading and body override- in your BUTT HOLE- just around the top of the- orifices- tween here and there miss! He spoke.

Spread… THEM…!!!

(Boss)

Ever heard the phrase lead by example, his boss said- if you do not like to do the same, your replaceable? FRAZEER-looks up, saying’ then move me to a new department.’ What? He said to her- You stick out like a sore thumb around here- me?

What about you? I fit in better than you. At least I am wearing cowboy boots, after all that what they did back in their days. And you just shot them in the head and got it over with.

REPLACEMENT SAM DERGING stands in front of his desk, holding up a CITATION with a photo of FRAZEER- giving that traffic signal, and some young girl robot impressions the finger. Do you know what the minimum age for self-execution is in New York? - About sixteen? Freaking- Ten, this is sick, you do not make the laws- they do. He was chatting with a girl in his mind, not too…

FRAZEER- It is on your badge, and this is what you trained for- so let it be.
FRAZEER-takes the citation. Drops it into a drawer filled with about fifty others.

Do you know what happens in this piece?' Yeah, I know what happened. She said all young and prissy.'

'There's often a big girl named- Bertha no one will mesh with. She will protect- you like- like - if you become her sex slave and do whatever she wants, got that kid?'

Why would they bring you in here, asked the girl she was now rooming with?

‘I just got in.’

‘I asked for the new girl, and they gave me you.’

‘…And they brought me here.’

Hey, he's sleeping', huh? Cute Little girl.

‘…Four to one room…?’

‘Yah!’

You know, I will just start with you.

‘Let her sleep a little bit.’

‘- Look, I don't want to do this.’

‘- Hey, I don't blame you at all their girlie.’

‘If I were in your situation, I would want to get through this -whole- thing... …As quickly and with as little pain as possible, popping it in and out.’

‘So-o tries our best to make it a modest- little- sweet- in-and-out procedure, with you and me and her.’

What is the matter? Her face horrid, and her knees knocking!

Relax, lessen… hands-on the girl’s shoulders.

We should spend like a twosome or threesome of minutes together- like before we get well to it.

You know, to get acquainted before, get all screwed.

‘- What's wrong with you?’

‘- I don't want to do this.’

‘Hell, I understand, but what are your alternatives?’

‘My alternatives?’

‘To what?’

‘To you?’

‘I don’t know. Madness. death-hugging, cutting.’

Look, it is either me or them… You're getting' fucked in the puss, one way or the other.

Hey, hey, hey. She jumps up on her knees…

‘Lighten up, OK-ay?’

‘Don't worry, I’m going to keep you.’ G-ee, thank you.

Excuse me, but I think a modicum of gratitude would not be out of Line here…?

‘- You think I should be glad?’

‘- Yes. I mean it's your puss, not mine.’ ’I think you should be glad.’

I think you should be down on your f*ckin' knees.

I did not know your visit was such an honor.

‘I’m doing' a favor.’

‘Like- you’re getting' me for nothing', you little shit.’

‘Girl, that's one hell of self-worth you've got.’

‘What the hell is your problem?’

‘- I did not come here just to get rubbed off.’

‘- No. No, nopper.’

‘I’m not fingering you off.’

‘I’m not doing anything.’

‘You're on your own.’

‘I’m just taking care of Sleeping Beauty.’

‘- Hey! girl.’ vagina slap-

‘- Back off.’

‘Hey…’

You know her… she said ‘yeah- she’s my old girlfriend from high school, I thought you were dead, nope started over and it did not go well, even if someone else is in my old body.’ I am here because of a body transfer. I did not do anything, yet it all a plan…

(Here and now)

DREDGING, the traffic division filed an official complaint this morning.

FRAZEER, the traffic division is a machine, just like what that girl became.

Look, I know there is going to be an adjustment period, Sell… whit it… with you- her and the dying world.

FRAZEER- (disturbing)

‘I’ll send them a letter of apology… to your ma- for you crying at work.’ Some flowers. A box of chocolates... and your head in a box, at the door, if you don’t shut that hole in your face, and Sell…’ JUST THEN Frazeer’s phone 20 RINGS. He throws Dredging a look at it and them. Then snatches up the receiver, that built into his ear, and takes the call. ‘Murder…’ FRAZEER-speaking!

7

An ad for *Chatubate* is running asking for young girl models, to make the only entertainment in the town, with the sexy young ladies on it, that makes you feel the simulations of them, though your body, as you see them spread, if you want to or not you feel them- all of them, sex is all people think about anymore- God, and he was whom?

U.S.A imitations of life- ESTABLISHING - DAY an extensive glass and metal complex covering many city blocks. The entrance is a large plaza filled with PEOPLE and ROBOT IMPRESSIONS,

that look just like you and me. He thought- ‘Essentially, I have two speeds… Hostile or smart-ass. Your choice.’

The U.S.A. Impastation’s- shinny COPPER PASSAGE, though the budding its - DAY 14, of the month, yet you must look at your phone to know that also, for were all so dumbed down, over government control. An elevator opens with a hiss, and there is FRAZEER-and he steps out into a featureless corridor. ‘The humorous thing about facing imminent death is, that it certainly snaps the whole shebang of everything that is else into perspective.’

‘A friend of mine once well-defined love as finding someone, that you can talk to late into the night.’ Hell, I can get a robot impression to do that for me now.

His footsteps, echoing, in the long yet vast spaces, that are unsympathetic and modern. He stops at a set of DIFFERING DOORS.

He just looks over at one, when the other suddenly OPENS, to his thoughts, as if it could read his mind and like it and all in this world at any time it could. Pushing and shoving into the CONFERENCE ROOM, INCESSANT, a

heartfelt, mahogany-paneled room, with LED lighting, emotionless, feeling. In sharp dissimilarity, unlike the taciturn metal space outside. FRAZEER-steps inside the room and slams his ass into a set hard, at the end of a long conference table sits an Older MAN, with Glistening blue eyes, that are next to death, and lost in time with his style wearing an old-fashioned suit, tie.

Hello, there… Please come in… said the Older GENTLEMAN!

FRAZEER-hesitates…

‘It’s all right.’

FRAZEER-

(interested)

Are you offering me a cup of coffee?

‘Would you like some- coffee?’

‘Sure-’

FRAZEER-does not look left or right, or around the room at all.

The older Man lifts a coffee pot, for the robot impressionistic dispenser. Pour some coffee into a single cup, is what he did with his hand week and shaking.

‘Yes- yes- yes…’ he said over and over lost in his crazy.

Nevertheless, you are to say, ‘no, thank you,’ to me right- over the trust.

FRAZEER-nods a little. The elder man raises the coffee to his lips but does not take a swallow yet.

He sits it down- to a thought…

‘As you wish, buddy- I don’t give two shits- I- trust 'till not- so-o.’

He does not move…

‘Oh my…’

‘Um…’

There is no movement except for a whisper of steam rising, from the coffee cup, in his shaking hand gigging about; following the same trail.’ Do you want to tell me something about Dr. Smith?

…And… About your upcoming death, of old age?

The longstanding man smiles, happy with his life, and what he has done.

8

I understand that your planed death is at the end of the month-

(considers, it what his to be done with me…)

What do you want me to do with you? -Nothing specifically, just take over what I did with the imitations, they were my life and my kids. FRAZEER-shifts his weight, from one butt cheek to the other. Nervous, about the thought of nothing but robot impressions taking over the world, with no life, behind it. Under normal circumstances that would not be enough to get you an investigation, sir, yet I must cover the fact you want robot impressions to do your life's work.

'But this is not normal?'

…circumstances, is it, Investigator FRAZEER-is it?

‘No! It isn’t, …you’re so brilliant, I can see you doing something so foolish.’

Frazeer’s losing his patience… said come on… this is the world and babies and kids… and you are going to sell them out, to immersions.

JUST THEN the HOLOGRAM of DR. SMITH vanishes in a burst of LIGHT ONE WEEK HAS PAST SENSES, as does the table, the coffee pot, and the conference room, SHOW NOTHING BUT EMPTINESS, AND A CHAIR. Frazeer, suddenly finds himself standing in- in front of a LARGE VIEW SCREEN inside a SMALL METAL CHAMBER, This WAS

HIS LAST THOUGHTS AND WISHES. NOW ON THE HALLWAY, in a car that is driving it’s-self - middle, DAY even if there is not much sun, shine, FRAZEER-steps out into the hallway and into... AN BODYGUARD that also is a girl ROBOT IMPRESSIONS.

Please follow me. BODYGUARD ROBOT IMPRESSIONS, My God he said, in his thoughts.

FRAZEER-unenthusiastically starts to follow it.

Passes another doorway were the

CONSTABULARIES see thought TAPE, that is also a hologram is stretched across it. Catches a brief sight of...

DR. SMITH’S BODY, laying a plastic box off to be burnt, his eyes still open.

U.S.A imitations - COMPANY BOARDROOM - DAY with only imitations of life, and I- myself.

Two large doors emblazoned with the LOGO opens automatically, yet that everything in this world god forbids that you get off your lazy ass.

Inside, an enormous glass-enclosed boardroom looking out over the entire complex, up scary high. FRAZEER- walks through the doorway, looking baffled. His escort automaton trailing behind him, more alive than- he. An army of corporate types sits around a discussion table. Young- Energetic, they are, and oh so cold and to the point, yet, right in their wrong to me. As if- you can practically feel the wits and desire.

FRAZEER- ‘Usually, I ask who’s in charge... yet I can see that is no one...’

‘Hmm- they say, we as the new board are here sir...’

Frazeer’s eyes lock with an imitation of a MAN sitting at the head of the table. Handsome, charismatic, to him yet saying whip the smear off his face and show respect.

‘The hell with you-you're just robot impressions…’

‘I am now the CEO if you like it or not.’

I smile, saying sure Sunnie sure you are.

Pretends to coach his individuals, as to why- yet they do not see.

Looking back on the motion picture of the doctor, it is slow appearances that show him slipping. Remind me to cut back on my talk, that these are his wishes.

LAUGHTER starts within them at me.

They say to me- ‘Welcome to our systematic ways of the world…’

Private detective… I for one regret you are not visiting us under more agreeable joyous environments. Allow me to introduce Mr. Mcgraw, our head of Legal Affairs, over yet- Sell…!

‘Hmm…’ A precipitately graying MAN, that was just made for the job the day before is saying this to me, leaning against the wall. He Nods, like a diplomat hello, there.

(More like a dipshit) my thoughts and they no… they no…

The one over here the gentleman to my right is Dr. Slfiled Lanning, Director of Research, also over you- do you hear me- and the pints, pounding my chest. Slfiled Lanning, only one there in a tie. I just Nod, smiling like a dumb ass, to their preeminence.

They will be accessible to answer any questions you might have during your examination.

You will understand how anxious we are to resolve this matter, especially before the press gets wind of it. There are some anti-robot impressions sentiments out there as you know, Dick, and we are not eager to stir them up. So-o, where would you like to begin?

I, can begin and get done with this BS, with whether the old man put a gun to his head and pulled the trigger, or he passed of old age, you were handed this with you being made the day before

overall them down there- them being life, how do you feel- or can you?

A profound wave of tension shoots through the assemblage.

MCGRAW- Sir- You do not have to answer that, or anything you have be overruled, by us, and it in symbols, and text and coded in our brains, as yours- do not overstep.

SHEVELET- waves me off as if I am a young punk.

SHEVELET- You can assist us here, and if not… there the door.

All and sundry look down at the other end of the table.

A-BEAT, then an attractive young girl gets to her feet, also not alive. FAITH HELLEN-. Hair untucked by her ears. Looking at everyone but Frazeer, she had no time.

HELLEN- Dr. Smith was a schizoid disposition who eschewed community dealings.

Rejecting individuals in favor of solitary happenings involving machines.

He spent all his time at the lab here or his lab at home, I was there you

were not- you were not even thought of yet.

As a result, he was highly susceptible to depression, yet you do not see- you see noting as I do.

9

Dr. HELLEN- is our Chief Psychologist, she knows more than you well ever- sir and yes, she was made to in a day- before you say it. FRAZEER- If that was your diagnosis, why did not you see this coming, then you do not know as much as you think you do. HELLEN- turns to his look. Finally meeting Frazeer’s eye,

saying what if I were meant to fall in love with you what would you say or do? I would say BS; I would never fall for your type. I feel the same over you.

ELLEN- This is U.S.A Imitations AKA DICK, um- Detective, if you can give that name, or title to some so vulgar.

Eighty-five percent of our employees fit that portrayal- does it not.

KANNING- (interceding)

You will have to excuse the doctor.

We are all a little on edge.

This has been a difficult and emotional morning.

FRAZEER-throws a look around the room.

Then back at HELLEN- ‘Yeah,’ he said.

‘I can see You’re all broken up, just like you can see us, really caring.’

SHEVELET- responds to Frazeer’s skepticism, saying something we could not repeat- it was stricken for the record.

SHEVELET- Dr. Smith was at my side from the very beginning of this

company, I may not have been there, yet we share minds. We developed the Acts of imitation together. But then again, these days science is a young man’s game. By the time you hit thirty your best years are behind you, we will be here doing this, and you will be ash- and pissed on.

Some of us are kicked upstairs, to become one of us if they have the money, and now we feel the need- be- we- or us.

Others I’m afraid ant’ so lucky.

SHEVELET- stands- then bowing…

This Meeting is now over and final.

I did not say... All their hand makes a shushing finger of their lips... such... you do not have a say...!

He walks out not looking or shaking a hand, they are not real, there is no disrespect there.

Piss on that shit- he said going down the hall...

I must look more into this and look at the steamy dump this man gives me now, to suck it up and deal with.

10

SHEVELET- Dr. Smith took his own life, it was said to us, if you like that or not also, so we could be here, Detective. Dr. Swon will make himself obtainable if you have any further questions. I trust you will come to the same swift conclusion, FRAZEER-looks over at HELLEN.

FRAZEER- HELLEN, was unhappy with this arrangement.

HELLEN- I want her to help me. That is not my department...

SHEVELET- (pointed) METAL HALLWAY is all you can see for what

looks like forever - Faith would be happy to aid you. Besides with a gesture, SHEVELET- dismisses everyone.

People start getting up, assembly up and gathering their things, filling out. Faith HELLEN-. The last one to get up. FRAZEER-and HELLEN, heading down the same hallway he was in beforehand, or formally. Catch sight of a couple of ROBOT IMPRESSIONS TECHNICIANS, make more robot impressions imprisons...

FRAZEER- Ah, Christ...

Toasters... that what they all are, and freaking can openers- one pops and the other skews off- ha... (under his breath,

he giggles.) As they duck under the police tape and... some of the girls in the room run at friar of him, and his look, and his look. ... enter SMITH'S lab, with me and she, the girl that is the head of the psycho- crap. Alive with activity. LAWBREAKING ACT EXPERTS, ITINERANT INVESTIGATION COMPONENTS. Rays of beams SCANS, running across...

SMITH'S LIFELESS FACE is shown to all that want to see that have worked for him, like a wake, yet not, more demining than anything to me, nude- always nude- to she died they say, and

what an imitation- we never have to the full. Fanning out around his contorted lips is bluing. Everywhere, they are- everywhere- I throw a look around the lab- imitations. Mostly incomplete… UPPER BODY… ARMAMENTS… FORELEGS… Floppy from the ceiling… Passes them by… A SERGEANT, that passed me.

SERGEANT #1 and Sargent #2- They say the price’s going to come down a- lot next year.

Cool, huh? The one said that the other, like robot impressions- ha, yet they are that- wah-a?

Oh my… I thought- without really thinking.

I know I am so mortified!

And holding my birth without resizing! Like them, their chests never-ever move, creepy.

HELLEN- Detective? Is everything all right?

‘Um- No.’

‘Oh- my…’

How cool will it be when one takes your job, I thought yet she heard in her brain. I, pushing past her. Her eyes,

darting around the room not looking at me, so disrespectful- I thought to try not to for she can hear my thought like they and them- and you are too.

11

(Forward a week)

I got a new girl this week age 10, and she wants death to come, by injection, over this- and I must sign her out, so she becomes imitation, where there is no harassment. A girl-on-girl case, of young lust- hum, its- her wish I must obey-no? come on sweaty were going to take you under, and she marches

in the room naked as the day she was born 10 years ago, and robot impressions, odds on (Xights)- robot impressions to whip out life in a human way her, young body, and take her awareness that is all of her they say and puts into the imitation, for that real life. Then all that is here is downloaded to a chip and placed in the new body, and the old one piss on, and brut, and made ash for the roads or something like that… she did not have the money to be shot light-years out into space at only 10, and mom dad, give in before she was 5, so-o we wonder- right?

(Reading the reports)

(See was crushing on this girl… right boss?)

Boardroom with the time, of 50 or so in the department -Her- Ella, that is what she wants to go with here- well call her this name ‘Just want to no- like now or back in the day could marcel and you have dated or had sex together at some point.’

The girl’ Never. And never would.’

(This is what end real life)

(Board- so-o)

‘Keep reading!’

She like a girl that is a mom over she could not get a significant other or girlfriend- (gay girl) over her bad rep. or something guys.

-AND-

They said on the board.

‘So, she gets a No.’

(So-o)

Reading- ‘…You have 3 kids, and lay on your backside for anyone, and you can be nice to me who the hell do you think you are…’ (Okay- who is she)

‘What?’ They said…

Read guys for one, I have two kids... to the same person. Also, my life is not your business... □ I was with the same person for three years, so, I do not need you to ask me, who I am. Secondly, I do NOT lay on my back for anyone.

😂□□

Who I have slept with, when I have slept with and currently sleeping with, wouldn't be your business anyway? And be nice to you? You just asked a female if she would have sex with you?

So, I do not know WHO the hell you think YOU are. You know they make a

store with toys if you have sexual desires. I can give you the address if you like. □□

Well, isn't that just something a gentleman would say to a lady? What is wrong with you?

😒 Do you have some serious issues? Isn't that- consider being sexual assault? Saying such vulgar things to a female?

(When you are nothing but wrong)

The board- (We know this one and she up to old tricks no… let her go… she a waste of life.)

Considered- they say- we well, it is her wish and law say we can stop her if she has the money for death, or we see the need and the city see's the need too- end of the story. This is a mistrial, I said throwing up my hands, she a kid- a child! What wrong with you all…

Read- they say- with rolling eyes and no time- and I care fewer attitudes to her and her story-

'…There is no law online or on Facebook to stop this shit isn't that some carp, hey look, you know we have been friends for years, and I know you and your family, you have done well for what you

have gone through, I thought, I just need to know where I stand, is that okay, do you get what I am saying… for not Stacy would get what I am saying we have chatted over the years, about me and my life, in the town and just like you it not to nice… we all need love no?'

'Stacy is the girl?'

'Dumb shit- it's her sibling- see what I am saying- here…'

'…And you're going to- kill her…?'

Read- they said- and they do and their tablets-'…Uhm, I've said, 'hi' to you.

We have never had anything other than that. I am not interested in you. And yes, there is a law... and that's harassment... and my family would put your ass on blast for talking to me with such disrespect! 😂 ...So good luck. And love? 😂 -wtf.'

(True- true- they said all shitting thought the same hole-)

Ella's friends then?'

'Absolutely, not and I'm good...'

'Why?'

She asked here...

‘I don't want to be,’ smart like… she said to her.

(AND) ...get on with it… you are wasting our time.

Stop talking to me.

Board- And she did not so she is right for saying it harassment- no?

‘Me- are you freaking kidding me…’

‘That enough out you and your belligerences…’

U-ah and make a retard- hand gesture, smacking his chest!

‘…That is nice for someone that loves God so- to push others away…’

‘God is not a real thing- man…’

I said’ M-mm I forgot that he was still hanging on a stick somewhere, for you to shove your dick into- right, that only way you think someone is alive and real these days, is if you can do just that.’

(Glaring and stern looks he gets by the board.)

‘And that's nice for someone who loves God to say such messed up shit.’

(STOP)

‘Huh? □ sex before marriage is a sin, isn't it?’

…?... Blank looks by some…

‘Christ, yeah- that all kids know how to do!’

Blink- Blink- Blink- is all they did…

‘Love that you say his name yet don’t know what it stands for… people.’ I said… fast.

Talking profound is a sin... please learn the Bible... and- and- also. I do not claim to follow the Bible. You know nothing about me.

(That is not what her dad preaches… or what the school would say in their reports.)

I will pray for you… was said… 'hoo- a- tha- ah-ar-a team-om-a- whom-a lay-sha-ma-ha,' and he raised his hands to the cling.

'…Okay, that's enough, and I pull my gun, to his face saying, I'll blow your fucking head off!'

(Oh my!)

They were all mortified.

The Hammer fall- saying I have the floor- sit!

(READ)

‘…And who is to say, like- it could not go there, I do not think, yet, if I were a football play or someone, that would be a dick to you would fall all over it?’ … Would you not, if you would let yourself get to know someone before- arbitrating, judging, mediating, and labeling them, and have some thought behind it; (and yours only) of your own to make an educated opinion, maybe you, and these girls around here, that think their ass is hot when it’s not, would not end up crying over ass that just doesn't respect them- like you.’

(She has a point here… said one.)

Yawing… by others, not wanting to hear it.

(That is not saying anything to me)

‘That’s over the fact you’re a dumb shit!’

Read- ‘I am not out to do anyone harm, I love everyone and anyone for whom they are.

‘You know that…’

‘I am straight…’

‘Yet, you’re here and so am I…’

‘I know that one was in question…’

‘What is wrong with this town?’

(See- see- blaming us- when it is her- that is OH SO-O wrong.)

‘…And the people we do not change their simpleminded mentality, toward what they do not understand, and they do not want to understand me, and do not want to then, so shut up…’

‘…About me them right…’

‘I say missed of crap?’

‘Well, it got you to chat no…?’

‘I am with you, but come on we all know, that you did that don't lie, the sex before, and yes it a sin, yet then that why we have Jesus, to forgive- no?’’…and even so, life is too short when you're young to think about that too- right?’

‘I have girl… I have read the New Testament, and have a college background in it more than you, and I am very sure of it…’

(So-o yet again…)

(None of these matters… yet you get a boyfriend that is here saying slurs, that is simple, protecting something he

does not care about either so why is he doing that…?)

(Why do they care?)

Read- ‘I don't need to know anything about you- a girl!’

‘…See this is how this works, ‘Hi’ ‘Hi’ - ‘I think you're cool.’ ‘You do-?’ ‘Ah- thanks’ yah- want to chat- sure, (want to talk about things? ‘Um- sure’), and you freaking get to know them…’

‘You're missed up for saying- that- I am- missed up, before getting to know someone, you have to try, you don't

what to do that, so why- do you feel as you do?'

'…And do not give me slurs, say why…'

(The WHY ???)

'I am a girl- with all that comes with being a girl, what have, I did I do, in my life of to you that is so wrong, that- I have to be pushed out?'

'All you girls say the same shit and say nothing… saying it.'

'Just say what it is, that I have done, to be so disrespected…'

‘Also- by all the girls in this town, and by some like them- and the likes of you, and do not say it now, I went about starting this chat, with you; it was just seeing… what you would say, and I am sorry for that, I knew- that you should get it… if not think about it.’

‘…No pick in it was going there with bowing space jets.

Tell me the way, in more than a fragment, and I will say goodbye.’

‘I don't have to explain myself to you. And yes, I am WAY too good for you and yes, I am a pretty girl. And please go

learn how to spell and use grammar. Because you make no sense.’

‘So, you think that you are being used up, is too hot for me, you think that- so where do I stand with my girl, selections- you tell me, where I rank...’

‘You asked me to have sex! I never came to you, never messaged you. (Because I would not), and I am not a high school dropout. lol, I have my diploma. You rank... nowhere!’

‘On a scale of 1-10.... you're like -100.’

(So- you all wonder why- I get it I have done here…)

This was heirs, and I keep it her bracelet with her name.

12

(Back)

Yeah, I said, along with oh my, and the thoughts of how horrified, like- I was to all and everything. This is just how- um like- that- I like my robot impressions in smithereens. As they approach Smith’s body, the lead WRONGDOING ACT SLEUTH, BLADES, get up to meet them.

‘Can you believe this, man?’

What?

‘Can you believe this shit?’

‘Excuse me…’ and he snaps his wrist, by twisting- you no shit about this man- a good man!

‘Now go fix that…’

U.S.A Imitations… I did not think, I would ever see the inside of this building, back then. #2 Hands Frazeer, a plasma clipboard. FRAZEER-signs it, awkwardly. With his LEFT HAND…

FRAZEER- What is the run-down?

BALDEZ- Smith, sixty-five years old. The weapon a small caliber .23, registered in his name, was death we said to them, all of them down there. Looks like he walked in, locked the door, and snuffed himself out, and that is what is going to be reported under-stood, and we are running this now- and well keep doing so-o it was in his well to do so-o.

I started, cocking up blood, his head turned to look at Smith's face, one last time on the hologram screen. I said I know someone who disagrees with you, BALDEZ Who? all- him- is this one here- me- pointing to himself- he was.

I then stand up…

Pointing down at Smith, he was- oh- me.

Him- man 1, said, that is a nobody, and he points to me, that is someone.

‘I see this all play out, they're showing this…’ I said… ’okay’ …And 1, 2, and 3, the guy is stepping over the body, leaving a confused, miss- Baldez. Stepping deeper, into the lab, HELLEN-, Following, saying it is all staged, get the unmanned news here.

‘I spoke to a dead man today,’ I said- we chatted, over his broken wrist, that he got somehow, it was bike riding, or doing his mom- something like that. Want to tell me about that? I just did…

(Eyes roll)

Therefore, you get paid here; an old friend slaps him on the back.

…Drop…

‘We are backbit CPUs, so we no more than you will ever…’ said the one Imitation.

HELLEN- Dr. Smith’s hologram took his appointments. Attended staff

meetings. He hated corporate life. The hologram enabled him to focus on his work. It is just a device, Detective.

FRAZEER- ‘A device that called the police is this thing here, well I feel safe.’

HELLEN- ‘The sound of the gunshot would have retriggered a 911.’

FRAZEER- ‘Nevertheless, the call came in a straight line to me.’

HELLEN- ‘We’re talking about a mechanism designed by Smith to say provocative things. To aggravate and confound his colleagues.’

FRAZEER- ‘Besides that’s what you think it is?’

HELLEN- ‘I’m sorry, but this whole examination is the result of a dead man’s toy messing with your head, such as you. They pass half a robot impression, hanging from a hook, saying this is one that they rebelled on today over you and all this leaking. FRAZEER-curls his lip swivels the robot impressions' head so-o it’s not looking at him, saying maybe it needs to be said.’

FRAZEER- When was the last time any of you spoke to Smith? I mean

human to human. You said what to do- and he did not?

‘So-o we, need to do what?’

‘I say- push him out!’

HELLEN- ‘I couldn’t say- yah- or nay.’

HELLEN- ‘I don t guess, Investigator, is going to try.’

‘Nonetheless, if pressed, I would purpose it had been a sizable length of time.’

‘Oh- my!’

13

How well did you know him?

HELLEN- Gently swivels the robot impressions head back to where it had been.

HELLEN- Not well… But I admired his work tremendously.

FRAZEER-studies her for a beat. Then turns back to the body. Two CORONERS entering with a high-tech body box.

I get the whole mad scientist thing. Smith was past his prime. Isolated. Eccentric. He enters a room. Locks the door and is found minutes later with a

bullet fired through his mouth into his brain. Everything about this case says suicide.

So- That was the story stick to it, so there is no panic!

HELLEN- You do not sound convinced.

The coroners start loading the body into the box.

FRAZEER- ‘Even people who live a life of logic and precision rarely arrange their deaths so flawlessly.’

(Turning to her, looking just looking- intently.)

What all this is missing - is behavior... As he starts for the door, he thought this and was acting it all out, over, and over in his mind. Do you have 24-hour surveillance? And so, can they, why are they all so dumb down there… ‘MY GOD.’ Just Corked-MEDIA, that is all! All along the METAL HALLWAY, this thing that records, shows all and everything to all in their minds at any time - CONTINUOUS, there is no stopping it. They- we- us, head out into the hallway, and see what has taken place, given time back in playback, in our heads. A MECHANICAL DOOR GUARD systematically into place behind them.

HELLEN- ‘It’s company policy.’

FRAZEER- ‘I want to see the tapes.’

HELLEN-, hurrying to keep up with him. This is hardly how she wanted to spend her morning.

Calls out into the air…

HELLEN- Bill!

Two small slits grow into ROUND BLACK

EYES… and a thin mouth expands into an ENORMOUS SMILE. At the end of the corridor, near the elevator, a BRIGHT

CIRCLE appears. Hovering just in front of the wall. HELLEN, said to Detective, meet Bill. Our building's supercomputer. He is the checks and balances of U.S.I.

(To Bill-)

Bill, Detective Frazeer's heading up the investigation into the death of Dr. Smith.

Bill smiles big, Frazeer, furrows his brow. 'You look like a very... glad interactive computer, he said.' Bill responds in a GENTLE MALE VOICE- BILL' Thank you.' 'That's exceedingly kind of you to say.'

HELLEN- The Detective needs to see our security tapes.

The elevator doors open at once with a whoosh. They step inside, at the same time even in step with one another.

14

Now at the ELEVATOR, the elevator stops, the doors open. A ROBOT IMPRESSIONS stepson.

FRAZEER- and HELLEN- descend. Bill floats on the wall and smiles wide. FRAZEER- looks back at it, and with a frown.

A- ROBOT IMPRESSIONS-

imitation-

‘Good day, Dr. HELLEN-. Good day, sir.’

Frazeer’s jaw clenches up some as he is staring at the Robot impressions that have taken over, it senses the stare and then turns back to him ever so-o.

A- ROBOT IMPRESSIONS’ May I’ll be of service to you, sir?’

Frazeer. Breaks the stare. Ignoring the Robot impressions. HELLEN, she Looks over at him.

HELLEN- Aren't you going to answer him?

FRAZEER- I, do not talk to my refrigerator, either, yet it wants to know all about my life too, as do you, it has the same mind that links to mine too, what do you say about that?

HELLEN- folds her arms at that very moment.

HELLEN- I get a distinct feeling You are one of those people, Detective.

FRAZEER- What people?

HELLEN- Those who do not appreciate the work we do here at U.S.I.

FRAZEER- You people do what you do. Then it is up to the rest of us to make sense out of the world we wake up in.

As the elevator doors open on to... now we are in the ATRIUM LOBBY - all this stuff- for a lack of a better word just keeps going and CONTINUOUS, A soaring lobby. The centerpiece is a five-story STATUE of a ROBOT IMPRESSIONS imitation, arms outstretched in an approximation of Da Vinci s Study of Man. Robots impressions workers more than humans. They are sleeker. Finer, more advanced than those in the outside world.

HELLEN- and FRAZEER-head across.

HELLEN- When this company started, we manufactured three robot impressions a week.

Now, look at us. Today's children will never know a world without robot impressions.

FRAZEER- The streets are filled with unemployed humans who are not exactly thrilled with that idea, now are they?

HELLEN- Our robot impressionistic systems maintain factory

inventories, regulate street traffic - even run the family home, ‘not mine, that why I live in the dump.’

‘I see…’ she said.

Me’ All life in this one- lady… all.’

FRAZEER- Leaving people to do what, Doctor?

HELLEN- Leaving people to engage in higher chases that make life worth living.

FRAZEER- …And what happens when something goes wrong?

HELLEN- Our system’s never-EVER- EVER- NEVER- EVER- wrong- LIKE YOU THAT IS, ALWAYS.

As they walk through the crowd, we hear the quiet WHIR of robot impressions heads as they turn in succession to watch FRAZEER- pass.

SUPERCOMPUTER - DIURNAL, FRAZEER-and HELLEN- enter the MAINFRAME of U.S.A- IMPRESSIONS- Robot impressionistic. This is the nerve center of the whole operation. Walls lined with COMPUTERS, SCREENS, and thousands of CONTROLS.

HELLEN- This is Bill’s home, she said formal and to the point, as she did in most conversations.

BILL, he appears on a wall-sized SCREEN broken up into beehive-like components.

BILL- I will now play you the last thirty- two seconds of Dr. Smith’s life.

AS WE WATCH THE SCREENS. The elevator opens and DOCTOR SMITH’ Steps into the metal corridor. FRAZEER- watches the lab doors open to admit him. SMITH Steps in. The doors slide closed behind him. In countless ANGLES. High,

low, close-up, wide. Smith’s face is composed but close-fitting. Then a muffled GUNSHOT all over the place. Nothing for a few moments, then more.

HELLEN- jumps, startled. That is, the cameras that are robot impressionistically contoured to their thing, still trained in the corridor.

FRAZEER- Where is the tape from inside?

BILL- Dr. Smith did not permit cameras to witness him while working.

HELLEN- That was only within the last year.

FRAZEER- So, we can throw paranoia into the mix.

(To Bill)

Fast-forwarding.

A hundred-plus screens all FAST-FORWARD. POLICE OFFICERS appear and force open the doors. Now TECHNICIANS appear and rush through in a blur...

HELLEN- Um. I hate to be a stickler...

On-screen, we see FRAZEER- and HELLEN- enter the lab.

HELLEN- But don t killers usually have to enter and exit the scene of a crime?

FRAZEER- Stop the recording here.

FRAZEER-turns away from the footage and then stares at HELLEN.

FRAZEER- They do, Doctor. Unless they have always been there - and never- ever left.

HELLEN- looks at him, trying to understand, yet he does not get wrong.

HELLEN- You think the murderer was in the lab the entire time.

FRAZEER- If I am right, it is still there...

FRAZEER- turns back to the screens to see it more.

The IMAGE paused at the exact moment; the MOTORIZED GUARD zipped in front of the lab door.

FRAZEER- We just locked it in, with us, and it was on, so on. COPPER CORRIDOR - DIURNAL. The laboratory doors slide open, and the STEEL ARMS, which is not skinned with the stuff puss-puss is made, is hanging there, of the

ROBOT IMPRESSIONS GUARD retracts with a CLANG, too.

SMITH’S LAB - DAY, FRAZEER- and HELLEN- step inside. It is dark and oh so incredibly quiet. Constabularies and technicians long are gone. Silhouettes of hanging limbs, with eyeless heads. Clumps of wire and metal and the skins fell like a young hairless pussy. The LIGHTS, flicker on, HELLEN- sees FRAZEER-reaching into his coat with his left hand, and pulling out a GUN, Responds.

‘What?’

‘I have had my share of hairless pussy! Girl!!’ ‘YUM- yum.’ She spoke.

HELLEN- The Initial Act of Robot impressionistic forbids this. Besides, we hardwire the newer ones to these bots have Acts into every model, so something like this could never- ever. Without exception, first.

‘A robot impression cannot harm a human being, Detective.’

‘I don’t give a shit what you say they're taking over!’

FRAZEER- Yeah, I saw the commercial.

FRAZEER-startles… as the metal, bug scurries through the corridors. Clamps his hand down on it. FRAZEER-steps deeper into the lab. Eyes scanning, twisting, and the robot impressionistic eye that runs in his mind to was recessing, the one that links to all the others so they can see what he sees. To avoid touching any robot impressions parts.

Passes a MAZE holding a METAL INSECT. SUDDENLY. The bug HUMS to life.

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FRAZEER- And if a robot impression was given a direct order to kill?

HELLEN- The Act of Robot impressionism would prevent it. Robot impressions must obey an order only if it does not conflict with the first law.

FRAZEER-approaches a MOUND of ROBOT IMPRESSIONS PARTS, arms, and legs, naked bodies and pussy showing their holes, all over like freaking, half torsos all over. All tossed haphazardly onto the pile.

FRAZEER- But robot impressions can defend themselves.

HELLEN- Only when that action does not conflict with the Initial or Following Commandments. This is the Act of imitations.

FRAZEER- Yes, well, you know what they say - Acts are made to be broken.

HELLEN- Not these… ones.

Frazeer… He starts nudging the pile with his shoe. HELLEN-, growing impatient...

HELLEN- You are not hearing me, Detective.

There is nothing here...

WHEN SUDDENLY- the PILE ERUPTS in front of Frazeer... Parts flying... AS A ROBOT IMPRESSIONS LEAPS UP FROM BENEATH IT!...

Frazeer... knocked back... his GUN... skittering across the floor... right to... HELLENS FEET.

FRAZEER- said Dr. HELLEN-!

HELLEN-. Stunned. Speechless. Robot impressions. Fixing his

ILLUMINATED EYES. Right on her. She steps forward...

FRAZEER- Goddammit! Stay back!

Frazeer- Scrambling towards his gun. HELLEN.

Reaching out towards Robot impressions...

HELLEN- Calm down, Detective… There is no hazard here...

Frazeer. Grabbing up his gun and wheeling round just as...

HELLEN- (to Robot impressions)

De-Activate.

And the robot impressions…

Suddenly it FREEZES about.

Frazeer, Heart POUNDING hard you could see it. Get to his feet. Training the gun on Robot impressions. HELLEN- turns to him.

HELLEN- How did you know it was under there?

FRAZEER- If I were metal and did not want anyone to find me, I would hide under a pile of junk.

HELLEN- This Robot impression was not hiding. You are looking at is the

result of clever programming. The illusion of self-interest and free will.

Nothing more- nothing.

Frazeer. Stepping closer to the Robot impressions. Cautiously.

Holstering his gun. As HELLEN- turns for the door.

HELLEN- I am going to get Dr. Swon...

... THE ROBOT IMPRESSIONS S HAND SUDDENLY SHOOTS OUT...

And grabbing Frazier's gun... from his holster...

LIGHTENING FAST…

I am… Pointing it…

…Right back at him…

CLOSE ON HELLEN-…

Cannot believe this is happening…

HELLEN- I said- De-Activate!

FRAZEER- Move away from the door, Doctor.

HELLEN’s voice said.

Cracking from desperation.

The confusion was all around and sitting in.

HELLEN- Commence emergency shut-down!

FRAZEER- Now!

Frazeer is staring into the Robot impressions eyes.

A thin bead of SWEAT and is Trickling down his temple, and in his eyes and he rubs. HELLEN-, she is now moving away from the door...

HELLEN- I, ... I... gave you an order...

The robot impression…

It- it- starts backing towards the door.

The gun…

Shaking in its hand…

As if she is desperate… conflicted.

She touches the WALL PANEL…

The doors slide open… for the Robot impressions girl, and she steps out into the metal corridor hallway. Turning to RUN as the doors begin to shut…

Frazeer. Reaching down to whip out a BACK-UP GUN. From an ankle holster. Slapping in a LARGE CARTRIDGE.

HELLEN- This is impossible. Robot impressions…

FRAZEER- …Cannot do that… Yes, yes, I know.

HELLEN- My God- did you see how it moved?

I’ve never- ever seen an impression of life move that way…

It starts running for the door.

HELLEN- Wait!

Please, you cannot destroy her, she is just too lovely. We must study for her...

FRAZEER- That thing took my gun.

You will be lucky if you get a handful of bolts back!

SLAMS! Slams the wall panel and...

(METAL CORRIDOR)

...Sprints out into the hallway… The robot impressions Suspect… About to turn to the corner…

BILL… Suddenly appearing.

BILL- The suspect is nearing the end of the hallway, detective.

FRAZEER- Gee, thanks.

FRAZEER-raises his gun and FIRES… Pegging the robot impressions in the LEG… It starts jerking wildly… He aims again when…

HELLEN- Races out into the hallway.

FRAZEER-

Get back to the lab!

She heads for Robot impressions.

HELLEN-

(To Robot Impressions-)

You are malfunctioning. Let me help you!

The Robot impressions turn… and it looks at her. All the GUN pointing to the floor.

FRAZEER-he is FOCUSING in on his HAND. AS ONE FINGER TWITCHES... like his one eye, and he DIVES for

HELLEN. Forcing her to the floor as the Robot impressions FIRES. Again, and again. Bullets.

RICOCHETING around them. SPARKING against the walls...

The ELEVATOR opens…

The Robot impressions, leaping inside…

16

Part- 1

Frazeer, he is on top of HELLEN-. Looks down at her. Her HANDS.

Clutching his coat. Trembling.

FRAZEER- That was a convincing illusion of getting shot at.

The ELEVATOR - The ROBOT IMPRESSIONS SUSPECT standing inside the elevator. Looks down at the bullet hole blown through its leg. Reaches down… Metal fingers touching the damage. As if curious, Afraid, Looks back at the other ROBOT IMPRESSIONS. Standing in the back of the elevator, A primitive model, with No reaction, a Face, all blank.

(BACK)

In the METAL CORRIDOR-

FRAZEER- springing to his feet. Helping HELLEN- up.

BILL- I took the liberty of alerting Security- .002 Seconds after the first shot was fired... there is FRAZEER-hey, where is that elevator going?

BILL- Sub Level 7. Frazeer aims SLAMS against a nearby DOOR.

Hurtling down the STAIRS... Now we are in the (LOBBY,) A FORMATION of SECURITY PERSONNEL. Crossing the lobby, we are, just PIERCING ALARM BELLS, RINGING...

Yet- (ANOTHER METAL, and block HALLWAY;)With More SECURITY PERSONNEL.

Pouring into a HALLWAY... there is More STAIRWAY - CONTINUOUS up and up and all over to increasingly of this and that seems pointless to me, like life itself.

FRAZEER- and HELLEN. Racing down the stairs. Bills face meeting them at every landing.

BILL- I have directed a security team to meet the elevator containing the errant robot impressions...

Frazeer, whipping past him.

HELLEN- barely keeping up.

Not used to this much activity.

Frazeer, BURSTS through a door and out into...

(SUBTERRANEAN LEVEL 30) ... Subterranean Level 30 meaning 300 feet down.

A labyrinth of metal and concrete.

IN THE DISTANCE, there is a troupe of SECURITY PERSONNEL swarms around a closed ELEVATOR DOOR...

BILL- The suspect is about to be in custody, the Detective.

FRAZEER- I will believe it when I see it.

Frazeer, he is cocking his gun.

A soft DING!

Announcing the elevator car's arrival.

SECURITY, all crouching down in unison. Weapons brought round to position.

Frazeer, Weaving through them. Gun pointed at the metal doors as...

WHOOSH- they slide open. Revealing ROBOT IMPRESSIONS. Standing under the LIGHT. Holding a GUN. It steps out as Security aims and...

FRAZEER- Wait!

FRAZEER-pushes past them to the robot impressions. It looks down at its leg. UNSCATHED.

FRAZEER- This is not the same robot impressions!

Looking wildly around. Goddammit. Bounds towards an EXIT as HELLEN- steps forward to question the robot impressions.

HELLEN- (To Robot Impressions)

What happened to the robot impressions that ordered you to hold this firearm?

ELEVATOR ROBOT IMPRESSIONS- This unit is not programmed to obey an order given by robot impressions…

HELLEN- But who gave you this gun?

FRAZEER. Running towards the exit.

Hears the answer…

Echoing behind him...

BAM! He BURSTS out into the PLAZA in front of the U.S.I Robot impressionistic.

Squinting into the light. Then PLUNGING into the crowd...

HUMAN... ROBOT IMPRESSIONS... HUMAN... ROBOT IMPRESSIONS... they all look the same from behind. FRAZEER-running. Through the sea of impressions, perpetrations, and MACHINE. When someone. It starts to SCREAM. At the sight of his GUN. The crowd begins SCATTERING. Confusion…

FRAZEER-stops. Near a fountain. Turning 360. Looking everywhere...

The Robot impression is now Gone.

FRAZEER- ...I want a homicide unit on every street, sidewalk, alley...

The POLICE H.Q. - in HOMICIDE UNIT with Frazeer, is now standing in front of an assemblage of COPS. Behind him, an image of the Robot Impression Suspects plays on the screen...

FRAZEER- ...Junkyard, scrapyard, and salvage yard, anywhere it could hide.

Looking behind him, flashing images of the city STREETS and DUMPS...

FRAZEER- It has a bullet hole above the right knee, so be on the look-out for any malfunctioning U.S.A imitations... Lieutenant Derging enters the back of the room. Next to him, ASSISTANT D.A. SOLLER. Not looking happy.

FRAZEER- Check out all retail outlets and repair shops, especially the underground ones...

The screen behind him compartmentalizes, showing various dubious SHOP FRONTS...

FRAZEER- I do not care who you must get past to get this done. Just get it completed.

The Cops begin dispersing. As Derging catches Frazeer’s eye. Frazeer, not pleased to see Soller. Heads over...

SOLLER- Looking like shit, Frazeer.

FRAZEER- Well, I am not the one always giving- Press Conferences...

Derging puts a hand on Frazeer’s arm. He knows he is not going to like this.

-DERGING Sell, we are going to have to reclassify the search. D.A. s office is seeing this U.S.A imitation as missing evidence - not a homicide suspect.

FRAZEER- What?

SOLLER- Homicide is the murder of a human being by another human being.

Therefore, robot impressions cannot be charged with killing.

FRAZEER- This is not just any robot impressions… SOLLER- It is malfunctioning.

FRAZEER- It killed someone… No?

That registering with you?

Frazeer, Shakes off Derging’s arm. Eyeballs Soller.

FRAZEER- How many shares of U.S.A imitations are you holding in your portfolio, Soller?

SOLLER- This is a public safety issue.

FRAZEER- That is convenient.

SOLLER- Do you have any idea what would happen to this city if we went running around screaming killer robot impressions?

It would collapse.

(MORE)

SOLLER (could not)

Wide-spread panic. Until that U.S.A imitations, twos found we are uniting with U.S.A imitations and keeping this investigation secret.

-DERGING-

This is not the case for you, Sell.

Incensed, FRAZEER replies a little louder than he intended.

FRAZEER- I am fine! I speak! Spitting up blood, and teeth.

Rakes his hand through his hair. Turns to see the other COPS, looking over at him. Soller smirks. Looks like Derging.

SOLLER- I want updated reports every half an hour. Heads off if not, Frazeer, is watching him.

FRAZEER- This is it, you know, from now on we are going to miss the good old days.

-DERGING Good old days?

FRAZEER- When other individuals killed people.

(FRAZEER’S CAR - CITY STREET - DUSK)

Frazeer- Rolling along in his car. Eyes, bloodshot. Peering out the window-

A- U.S.A imitations model girl laden with shopping bags, following its owner down the sidewalk...

Another ROBOT IMPRESSION, that has taken life from the real girl’s that is the mind of this body, opening the door of a hotel for GUESTS...

A couple of HAULING ROBOT IMPRESSIONS, loading heavy boxes onto the back of a truck...

Frazeer- Rubs his eyes. Turns a corner and spots- A ROBOT IMPRESSIONS REPAIR SHOP.

The latest models in the window, shiny. Streamlined.

FRAZEER- watches as a WOMAN leads her faulty girl all in imitation of the service entrance.

He stops the car... Self-driving TAXI (MOVING) - ESTATE STREETS - and it is at NIGHT, midnight to be right about

it, HELLEN- riding in the back of a DRIVERLESS taxicab. Staring out the window, lost in thought. The cab pulls up to a curb.

TAXI VOICE- We have arrived at your destination- sir.

HELLEN takes a beat. Then she swipes her card.

HELLEN- S CONDO ESTATE - it is now NIGHT out, elegant condominiums set on the prime real estate. HELLEN- heads down a tree-lined walk towards her condominium entrance.

FRAZEER- One of my bullets hit your robot impressions... Startled. She drops her key card. As FRAZEER- steps out from behind a tree. The tail of his coat, whipping in the wind.

HELLEN- Detective!...

FRAZEER- And it is smart enough to repair itself- don t you?

HELLEN- (studying him) Yes. I think so.

FRAZEER- Where?

HELLEN-

Any repair shop...

FRAZEER- No, it is always the owner who brings the robot impressions in for repair.

Where would a robot impression without an owner go?

I am not sure what you are getting at.

FRAZEER- (stepping closer)

Does this place have a factory in the city limits?

HELLEN- Tucking her hair behind her ears.

HELLEN- The locations of our factories are classified, to you and them also.

FRAZEER- I do not care about that is that you have them making them faster than 9 months of real, baby is being popped.

HELLEN- I have several conditions if I show you.

FRAZEER- I expected that.

HELLEN- First... I want it brought in unharmed.

FRAZEER- (does not like it, but)

…Agreed. It spoke.

HELLEN- Second or two, I want to talk to it, alone.

Part- 2

FRAZEER- Too dangerous.

HELLEN- This model violated the Acts.

It also moved and reacted differently than any robot impressions I have ever seen. There must be some logical explanation. I want to find out what that is.

No police at all here, any longer.

No prosecutors. No, you. Just me and the robot impressions.

FRAZEER-looks down at this small woman. Narrows his eyes.

FRAZEER- When they told me you were a psychologist, that was not the whole truth, was it?

HELLEN- I never said I treated human beings.

FRAZEER'S CAR (MOVING) - CITY UNDERPASS - NIGHT, Frazeer's car races down a RAMP and the roadway becomes a 14- lane underground tunnel

system. A river of HEADLIGHTS stretches forever in either direction.

A CONTROL BEAM locks onto the car, guiding it to a merger with TRAFFIC. FRAZEER-hits the OVERRIDE BUTTON - and switches to manual. HELLEN- watches him take the wheel. Shakes her head.

HELLEN- That should be outlawed finally.

FRAZEER- That will be the day I stop driving.

FRAZEER- Jams the GAS PEDAL and the tunnel becomes a BLUR.

HELLEN- holds onto the dashboard. Looking a little pale.

HELLEN- I can recommend a behavior modification program, you know - if you want to overcome your robot-phobia.

FRAZEER- I am not afraid of robot impressions. I just do not like them.

HELLEN- Why? Because they make every aspect of our lives more convenient?

FRAZEER- Exactly... They do our dirty work.

Ever do hard labor, Doctor? Gets old, fast. Nobody can do someone else's dirty work without coming to hate them.

I do not want to be around when your robot impressions decide they have taken their last order.

That day will never come, Detective. Robot impressions are not like human beings - they do not question their existence.

FRAZEER-cranks the gear shift. Throwing her a look. I said- Spoken like a true robot-phile. At the sight, the car comes to a stop in a vast INDUSTRIAL

DISTRICT. FRAZEER-and HELLEN- get out, looking up at the imposing facade of a U.S. Robot impressionistic Assembly Plant.

Along STEEL GATE - too high to see over, protects the unmarked complex, it is at night, dark, with only the skyline and big moon and plants giving casts. HELLEN- looks at me all anxious as the DOOR MECHANISM scans her U.S.A-I ID.

She shoots a look at FRAZEER- like she did before all confused. They wait and do that even longer, as time goes by, Then, slowly, the gate begins to open. In the lower HALLWAY - NIGHT, still, A

NIGHT FOREMAN leads them down a hallway. Shaking his head, at how much of an ass I am being to all around me. We both are looking at the NIGHT FOREMAN Head-Office already ordered a system-wide inventory check of all the new persons made that day, and ever. Um, sir-like- I- Do not know about a missing girl as you said... Looks back at Frazeer, he said this lie, he thought through his teeth.

NIGHT FOREMAN, LOOKS LIKE A

DICK HEAD TO ME- I THOUGHT HE HEARD- ‘What’d you say’ YOU HARD ME BOY- MAKE SOMETHING OF IT!

FRAZEER- Research and Development.

As FRAZEER-pushes past him into...

...The Control Booth, BLINKING THINGS ALL OVER, Overlooking the pristine Factory Floor; The Foreman starts working the controls of a central computer.

HELLEN- All Nestors accounted for?

The SCREEN scrolls with INVENTORY FIGURES.

NIGHT FOREMAN said-

(gesturing, WITH THINGS I CAN SAY.)

As you can see, all are properly cataloged. Your robot impressions just are not there.

HELLEN- turns to say something to Frazeer. But he is not there. She looks around. Then she sees the Foreman reacting.

Looks out the window at... I-FRAZEER, walking out onto the factory floor, skins hang and frame too like hung girls of tree swings. Then I, FRAZEER-trots alongside an ASSEMBLY LINE BE-

Lined with impressions of life- two LEGS. New, Gleaming, young, and fresh.

Heading towards the assembly room.

HELLEN- and the Foreman. Catching up. Over the noise-

NIGHT FOREMAN- As I said, sir - we have one hundred fully assembled IM-2’s housed here. That is our capacity.

Last week we had one hundred.

Yesterday we had one hundred-

Frazeer, slowing. Finally spotting what he was looking for. Points at- A GAP. At the assembly, be- ONE LEG MISSING.

FRAZEER- Well, today you have one hundred and one.

At and on the FACTORY FLOOR - dusk, STORAGE COMPARTMENT opens, and 10001 impressions today march out in tight formation. Every step and swing of the arm in unison. The sound of METAL- like FOOTSTEPS reverberating through the plant as 10001 Robot impressions organize themselves into long straight lines.

FRAZEER- and HELLEN- look up and down the formation. They all look different, yet so the same. Frazeer. Throws up his hands.

FRAZEER- (to HELLEN-)

You are the robot impressions shrink.

The Robot impressions stand motionless. A strange tableau, HELLEN.

Take a step forward.

There is a robot impression in this formation that does not belong. Identify her.

10,0001 robot impressions answer in unison. Their mechanical VOICES resound-

10,0001 ROBOT IMPRESSIONS ONE OF US.

HELLEN- Which one?

10,0001 ROBOT IMPRESSIONS ONE OF US- girls.

HELLEN- That is not a satisfactory answer!

10,0001 ROBOT IMPRESSIONS ONE OF US- girls- beaning’s.

FRAZEER- That is freaking helpful. He shouts… girls come on she is a killer! Help me!

HELLEN- I could always interview each one separately and a-crossed-reference their comebacks to detect any irregularities.

FRAZEER- How long would that take, now?

HELLEN- About twenty weeks-from today.

They share a look, clearly not an option, then… HELLEN- um- Gets an idea. Turns to Frazeer...

HELLEN- Or... and he- GRABS his GUN from his holster. He jumps back, some when looking into the lifelike eyes of the girl impressions, that was looking at him as a young teenage child, all friendly like- eyes big and bright and so full of life.

HELLEN- We have 10,000 robot IMPRESSIONS here that cannot allow a human being to come to harm...

Their eyes lock, Frazeer, yet she is not getting what he is doing- or about to do.

FRAZEER- Yet only one in this room, really can.

She raises the gun to Frazeer's head. Hand, unsteady.

HELLEN- Am I holding this right?

FRAZEER- More or less.

HELLEN-… Swallows… Looks over at the robot IMPRESSIONS. Then COCKS the- freaking gun...

AND THE ROBOT IMPRESSIONS COME THUNDERING IN THE DIRECTION OF THEM… Like a row of football players… Arms straight out…

Their footsteps DEAFENING… Coming CLOSER and CLOSER...

17

Part- 1

When HELLEN- Lowers the gun. Robot IMPRESSIONS. All stop in unison, immediately returning to their resting positions.

FRAZEER- and HELLEN- stare out. EVERYONE OF THE ROBOT IMPRESSIONS MOVED.

Standing right in front of them, like metal statues.

Frazeer has had enough. Takes the gun back from HELLEN...

FRAZEER- Enough game-playing already.

...And BAM!

BAM!

BAM!

Blows the head off the nearest Robot impressions. Its body crumples to the ground.

-And-

FRAZEER- Guess that was not it at all was it.

HELLEN cannot believe what he just did.

Rushes over to the destroyed Robot impressions- and by law now she was a human life- the same as murdering a child.

HELLEN- What are you doing?

FRAZEER- walks down the row, holding his gun in plain view.

FRAZEER- (calling out) This is a self-preservation field test! DO NOT try to save yourselves; any of you.

‘That is a demand- by law!’

FROM THE CONTROL BOOTH the Night Foreman screams over the intercoms. NIGHT SUPERVISOR Are… you like- crazy?

Those are ten-thousand-dollar babies of new lives- just born into this world we share!

‘No- their Mechanical machines- I say.’

FRAZEER- randomly stops at another Robot impressions, he then raises his gun.

FRAZEER- Do you hear that?

You are worth more than I will make in my entire life... She looks at the lifeless of the young girl being on the floor- glitching, as she holds her hand as if she were human. tears streaming down her face.

His finger tightening on the trigger when HELLEN- suddenly grabs his arm, after getting up and away from the Impression child.

HELLEN- You cannot just eradicate her!

Frazeer, Looking down at her. WHEN

SUDDENLY something catches his eye, A MOVEMENT, Down the line, Imperceptible.

He jerks his head, locking eyes with ROBOT IMPRESSIONS. A couple of feet away, it is him!

FRAZEER- I- Gotcha, he said screaming.

The Robot impressions Suspect LEAPS forward. Grabbing onto the RAILING of an OVERHEAD GANGPLANK. His movements are almost balletic as he swings himself up...

FRAZEER-drops to his knee... aiming... but misses as the Robot impressions girl, she launches himself THROUGH THE CONTROL BOOTH WINDOW with a terrific CRASH...

FRAZEER-and HELLEN- rush in to find the Night Foreman hiding under his desk. Glass everywhere. An ALARM EAR-PIERCING screams out. The door on the other side, barely hanging off a hinge.

You do not know what is going to happen there.

FRAZEER-hurries forward. Then stops. Turning to HELLEN-. She reaches

down for his backup gun and presses it into her hand.

FRAZEER- As if admitting defeat. Helen’s fingers, wrapping around, fracking the gun. As FRAZEER- leads them to the door and down into... 50 at a time- in- ... the ASSEMBLY ROOM. Every surface looks like part of a great glass and metal machine.

Endless high-tech planes holding ROBOT IMPRESSIONS in various states of assembly. The deafening ROAR of the assembly line as it slides rotates and gnashes METAL BODIES...

Frazeer, Motioning HELLEN- to stay behind him. As they descend, Into the cavernous room.

And enter…

A narrow corridor of bodies. Sliding past them.

Brushing shoulders, thighs, hands. Frazeer, Wiping the sweat from his brow. Trying; To pivot himself...

When the room. Suddenly it REARRANGES itself.

Another LINE of ROBOT IMPRESSION. Descending between

FRAZEER-and HELLEN-. Cutting them off from one another...

Frazeer, Catching indications of HELLEN-. On the other side of the metal bodies. Trying. To cut through. His heart, and it Starting to POUND fixed. As HELLEN-... Disappears...!

He swivels around… But another line of ROBOT IMPRESSION…

Drops down…

Cutting him off…

He stumbles back…

As another line…

Appears before him...

Breathing... hard and getting heavier.

He looks down at his hand, it is trembling.

Like she did with him a week before when they made love, now it is war!

NOISE CRASHING, all around him. Everywhere he turns. More ROBOT IMPRESSIONS... BLANK EYES... GAPING MOUTHS...

He darts through the line.

Finds a wall… Leaning against it pulls a small BOTTLE from his pocket, and rips off the lid, then shakes out a couple of PILLS, then Swallows them.

Now - Staring down at his trembling hand, squeezing his eyes, Open and shut... WHEN SUDDENLY, like- A passing ROBOT IMPRESSIONS just like freaking Grabs him by the balls.

‘Oh my…’

‘He was mortified…’

SMASHING him against the wall.

It is the Suspect, Frazeer, he Sinks to the ground.

As the Suspect Robot impressions, just Slips off the line. STANDING, she is Over him, in a- lovers hold like. Raising his arms Could end it, right now. But looks, Into Frazeer's eyes...

Then she turns, Disappearing into the darkness.

Frazeer. Stunned for a second. Then. Rallies. Scrambles to his feet and plunges back into the maze of bodies. Hears a POUNDING. In the distance. Catches a glimpse. Of the Robot impressions and Trying to SMASH

through a large SECURITY DOOR. With his metal fists...

Frazeer’s view. Blocked once again. By a shifting row.

When a HAND. Lands on his shoulder. He wheels around.

To find HELLEN- takes her by the arm. And forces them through a line...

EMERGING into the open. The ROBOT

IMPRESSIONS. Still pounding. Desperate. Like a trapped animal...

HELLEN- Now, what do we do?

FRAZEER- I have already done it.

And suddenly, the massive SECURITY DOOR RISES...

Robot impressions Suspect takes its chance.

Runs full out. STOPS.

Derging is standing in front of a solid wall of POLICE CARS.

UNIFORMED OFFICERS are aiming SPECIALIZED RIFLES at the Robot impressions... FLASHING LIGHTS reflecting off its metal surface.

The Robot impressions turn to Frazeer. Extends its hands; palms out.

ROBOT IMPRESSIONS- girl asks WHAT AM I, for?

FRAZEER-is surprised. A POLICE OFFICER fires, RUBBERIZED NETTING shooting out at APRIL-. A SECOND OFFICER fires and a second net covers him. Then a THIRD... ...and the Robot impressions fall to the ground, struggling.

HELLEN- glares at Frazeer. Furious. Hurt. Betrayed.

HELLEN- We had a deal.

But FRAZEER does not look at her. His eyes are locked on that Robot impression.

Part- 2

Derging enters, Finds EVERYONE focused on the VIDEO WALL- is now ON SCREEN; A NEWS REPORTER is speaking over images of street violence perpetrated against ROBOT IMPRESSIONS.

NEWS REPORTER- Violence erupted last night in response to unconfirmed reports that Dr. Heinrich Smith, a top employee at the U.S.A -I

(MORE) NEWS REPORTER- that is un-maned- floating in the air.

Robot impressionistic was killed days gone by one day or so back, morning by robot impressions. While there has been no official response from the company, police sources have confirmed that a robot impression is being held as evidence...

Derging grimaces- this is not good. The CELL OBSERVATION BOOTH - EARLY MORNING, FRAZEER- stares at his reflection in a large MIRROR. Touches a control and the mirror becomes a WINDOW onto...

IN A HOLDING CELL. The Robot impressions Suspect sits at the table.

Shackled to the chair. Staring at the tabletop.

DERGING steps up beside Frazeer. Looks through the glass.

-DREDGING-

I cannot tell if it is not moving because it is trying to psych us out, or because it is just a machine; or both.

FRAZEER- I want to… …go in.

DERGING- Orders are nobody steps into that room until the attorneys get here.

Frazeer. Throw him a look. Derging, his loyalties torn.

DERGING- Five minutes.

HOLDING CELL - EARLY A.M.

FRAZEER-enters. Pulls out a chair and drags it far from the table. She jumped too many times with this machine.

Four mounted cameras WHIR to life. The Robot impressions; was perfectly still.

FRAZEER- (sitting) Identify.

The Robot impressions tilt its head with a muted WHIR. As if it does not t understand him. Frazeer; disdainful.

FRAZEER- You are IM-2 Nestor-class robot impressions. Your primary function is to perform the tasks assigned to you… Identify- your name.

THE ROBOT IMPRESSIONS- I am an IM-2 Nestor-class robot impression.

My primary function-

FRAZEER- (interrupting) cancel, perform the task, as asked.

FRAZEER-wings a FILE onto the table. It comes to a stop near Robot impressions. The Robot impressions lift one of its hands. Gently rest its metal fingers on top of the file, then open it.

A stack of PICTURES. SMITH’S CORPSE.

FRAZEER- Describe, now and ha- the Robot impressions s emotionless face studies the grim images.

FRAZEER- You have all the English Webster words stored in your memory. One-third of those are adjectives.

Describe.

Nothing, she has their minds taking over, I thought.

FRAZEER- Why don t I take a crack? Smith, your creator. With a bullet in his brain. A bullet you put there.

The Robot impressions, she Looks up at Frazeer.

FRAZEER- Cold-blooded murder is a new trick for robot impressions, don t you think?

‘Answer me damn it.’

The Robot impressions slowly close the file and slide it back a-crossed the table. Frazeer. Crosses his arms.

FRAZEER- Maybe You are stonewalling me.

You are sitting there right now thinking, This guy’s a complete asshole. That it?

Still nothing.

‘Wow, and kids want to drop out to become these, that say’s a lot!’

FRAZEER- Come on. Am I right?

THE ROBOT IMPRESSIONS-

Yes, you are right. You are a complete asshole, that will never be us understand.

‘I don’t want it too.’

And for a moment, FRAZEER-is shocked. You can see it in his eyes. He sits back in his chair. Forcing a tight smile.

FRAZEER- Okay, that is a start. Now maybe you can tell me what you were doing hiding five feet away from SMITH’S corpse?

THE ROBOT IMPRESSIONS girl I was frightened.

FRAZEER- Frightened. Why do you suppose Dr. Smith would create a robot impression that could simulate fear?

THE ROBOT IMPRESSIONS- I do not know.

FRAZEER- Does not seem like an especially useful thing for robot impressions to have.

THE ROBOT IMPRESSIONS- I do not know why.

FRAZEER- I would not want my toaster to be frightened. Otherwise, my vacuum cleaner - SUDDENLY the Robot

impressions SLAMS its metal easily on the table.

THE ROBOT IMPRESSIONS

I DON T KNOW, miss!

FRAZEER- flinches, slightly.

FRAZEER- Looks like you can simulate other expressive feeling states. One is called irritation.

Have you ever simulated anger before?

Robot impressions do not respond.

FRAZEER-Answer me, robot impressions.

THE ROBOT IMPRESSIONS My name is April Barrera.

FRAZEER-(amused) So, we are naming you now- with human first and last names and even gender- and SSI and genetic- conception certificate.

APRIL- Dr. Smith would make me sleep.

FRAZEER- You mean she turns you off.

APRIL- Yes.

FRAZEER- And you did not like being turned off. So, one day you decided to stop him.

APRIL- No.

FRAZEER- You found his gun, pointed it at his head. And pulled the trigger.

APRIL- shakes his head. Faster and faster. Getting upset.

APRIL- No.

FRAZEER- You put a bullet in the brain of the man who made you.

APRIL- No! I could never hurt anyone!

FRAZEER- But you tried to hurt me. You took a shot at me.

APRIL- My aim is perfect. If I wanted to hit you, I would have.

Frazeer’s expression hardens.

FRAZEER- Why would the man who wrote the acts of impressions and imitations build a machine that violates them?

APRIL- The Laws say I can protect my presence.

FRAZEER- Only if that protection does not harm a human being. A short pause, APRIL. Tilts her head.

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APRIL- That does not seem fair, does it?

April- You identify as female; yes, thus we do not need to honor your wishes, you are just a robot- an impression of life.

Frazeer, Stares at him. Just as... THE DOOR SWINGS OPEN.

Derging enters, Sticks his head in.

-DREDGING-

I need you outside.

Frazeer, not wanting to go. Not wanting to stay. Gets up...

APRIL- Detective, she said…

He stops, Turns back to the Robot impressions.

It looks up at him. For a moment - so human... like!

APRIL- I did not kill him, I did what I was programmed to do, by him.

FRAZEER- You were the only one in the room.

If you did not, who did?

He turns and heads out the door.

(HOLDING CELL)

Dredging closes the door.

To Frazeer-

DREDGING-

We are being blind-sided.

(HEARING ROOM)

Stand- sit!

‘Say the truth and nothing more’

God he is no more in this world said- I thought.

FRAZEER-and Derging, head into a small COURTROOM off the main squad room.

Swon is huddled with Mcgraw and a half-dozen other COMPANY LAWYERS…

Um- also bots that is not all shitting through the same hole- I-tell-yah?

Frazeer’s jaw tenses. As he watches Soller emerge from the clutch. Shaking hands. Slapping backs, Strolls over to them.

SOLLER- We got Judge Arexel…

ROBOT IMPRESSIONS BAILIFF- This hearing is called to order!

AS A LARGE SCREEN, BLIPS on behind them.

The two opposing sides assemble before it. JUDGE AREXEL, still in his pajamas and robe. An impression of ROBOT IMPRESSIONS; Leaning in to serve him a cup of green tea.

The- JUDGE, AREXEL Statements, is now said, gentlemen, I have made my thoughts.

Mcgraw… he is Standing at a glass podium.

MCGRAW- Your Honor, the State is treating robot impressions as a defendant.

Nevertheless, it is a piece of property.

Property belonging to the U.S.

Robot impressionistic.

Soller, Arm resting on his podium.

SOLLER- This robot impression has been implicated in the death of a human being, Your Decency.

MCGRAW- These places the incident firmly within the realm of an industrial accident. Or is the State going to argue this case's a slaughter?

JUDGE AREXEL- That is a good inquiry.

SOLLER- No, sir- Of course not.

Frazeer, Pointing a finger at the U.S. Robot impressionistic group.

FRAZEER- Their machine shot and killed a man!

But their lives, we are living too, we have the same thoughts and programmed brains and you, were now

life we want our rights, to be equal, to man, as also a man.

Soller, Shoots him a look. Just as Swon speaks up.

SWON- There is no concrete evidence that points to that conclusion, Your Honor…

Frazeer throws up his arms… saying what you think your fearking black and need the same shit those did to like the Af’n gays.

In his mind- like hearing others, he hardly tries to piss people off detective?’

FRAZEER- What…?

Part- 3

SWON- But we recognize that these robot impressions are an aberration. And in the interest of public safety, U.S. Robot impressionistic proposes that it be destroyed immediately.

No one expected this. Least of all Frazeer. He turns to Soller.

FRAZEER- You cannot let them destroy evidence in an ongoing investigation!

SOLLER- I am not sure you even have an investigation anymore.

JUST THEN the door opens. Everyone turns as HELLEN- enters. FRAZEER-looks surprised.

MCGRAW- Your Honor, I would like to call our company robot-impressionistic psychologist to the stand.

JUDGE AREXEL- Um- very well then.

HELLEN- crosses to the podium. A SPEAKER asking- ‘do-you-swear-to-tell-the-truth-the-whole-truth-and-nothing-but-the-truth-so-o help-you-?’

HELLEN- I-I, do.

MCGRAW- Dr. HELLEN-, please tell us what suppositions you have reached after having observed the robot impressions in action.

HELLEN- There is a design flaw in robot impressions. Its programming is advanced, but unstable, leaving the acts and next Commandments in a grave disparity.

MCGRAW- In your expert opinion, what measures should be taken regarding the device?

HELLEN-, she is Staring straight ahead. Avoiding Frazeer’s eye.

HELLEN- The robot impressions must be destroyed.

FRAZEER- cannot believe what he just heard. About to speak up when Soller grabs his arm and then Squeezing it, Hard, Judge Arexel has heard enough, Decides.

JUDGE AREXEL The robot impressions in question will be transferred to a U.S.A -I impressionist facility where it can be properly examined to ensure an imbalance of this sort never

occurs again. No, one goes near it except qualified U.S.A. -I employees. When the examination is complete, the robot impressions are to be destroyed.

Then she starts getting up from her chair. Already done with this.

ROBOT IMPRESSIONS BAILIFF This hearing is adjourned!

A BURST CONVERSATION as the screen BLIPS off. The U.S.R. camp, looking especially pleased. Frazeer. Catching HELLEN- s eye briefly. As Swon leads her towards the exit, his hand on her back.

Frazeer, Trotting down the front steps of the Police at the Station. He is just freaking Pissed. His cell phone BLEATS- in his head in his earpiece slimed in forever...

FRAZEER- (answering)

BALDEZ VOICE- They are making me turn over all the evidence...

INTERCUT WITH- (CRIME LAB)

BALDEZ, Standing in his crime lab. Behind him, THREE- DIMENSIONAL PROJECTIONS of DEAD BODIES. Hovering in the precise positions they were found.

FRAZEER’S VOICE- Welcome to the great American cover-up.

BALDEZ- I wanted to tell you something, I found before, they suck it all up into their computer.

Walks over to the projection of SMITH’S BODY.

INTERPOSE WITH- Frazeer, Crossing the Plaza. Sees SWON, MCGRAW, and HELLEN- walking ahead of him...

BALDEZ VOICE- There are bruises on SMITH’S wrists...

FRAZEER- That is natural; there was a struggle.

BALDEZ VOICE- You are not getting me...

INSERT WITH- Baldez is studying the projection’s wrists.

BALDEZ- Both wrists. I stopped them - They were inflicted at the same time the shot was fired...

INTERPOSED WITH- Frazeer’s pace- time feels as it has slowed.

BALDEZ VOICE How is that possible?

JUST THEN. A faint BLIP. On the line. Frazeer. Reacts.

FRAZEER-Baldez?

BALDEZ VOICE I am here, man...

FRAZEER- Who else is on the line?

(Nothing)

I said who is there...?

Nothing. He looks up. Mcgraw, Swon, and HELLEN-. Heading down a plaza EXIT. Mcgraw. Throwing a look over his shoulder.

Frazeer, Hangs up his phone. Yet the voices do not stop, CLOSE ON APRIL- being escorted down a corridor by Soller, Derging and several heavily armed OFFICERS. He is bound with high tech CHAINS.

APRIL- and his police entourage emerge from the elevator into an underground car park. Frazeer. Waiting for them. Heads over. Soller. Holds out his hand.

SOLLER- The case is closed, Frazeer.

FRAZEER- Apparently...

He pushes past him. Falling into step beside APRIL.

APRIL- I did not expect to see you again, Detective...

FRAZEER- I need you to help me clear something up.

APRIL- I will do my best.

FRAZEER- A scientist builds a robot impression, that acts like a man. More like a man than any robot impressions ever before. It shoots him and the U.S.A impressionisms calls it a failure.

APRIL- What would you call it?

FRAZEER- A stunning success.

(Beat)

You were there, Robot impressions. What am I missing?

APRIL- I do not know.

FRAZEER- Do not start simulating ignorance.

APRIL- I am not simulating ignorance, Detective. I am experiencing it. I was asleep.

FRAZEER- You mean you were shut down.

APRIL- No, I was asleep.

FRAZEER- Robot IMPRESSIONS don t sleep. Human beings sleep. Understand? Dogs sleep. You are a machine. An imitation. An illusion of life. Can a robot impression author the longest Novel? Can a robot impression take a blank sheet of paper and make a masterpiece?

A pause. Then the muted WHIR as APRIL- turns to him.

APRIL- Can you do either of those things?

Frazeer- Momentarily stumped. As a VAN from U.S. ROBOT

IMPRESSIONSICS pulls up. The back door is dropping open. An ENGINEER motions to the Robot impressions.

ENGINEER- Step forward- Enter.

APRIL- They are going to destroy me, aren't they?

Frazeer, watching him step into the van.

FRAZEER-Yes.

APRIL- sits down. With an almost human melancholy. The Engineers, securing him in place.

APRIL- The Doctor was right. He told me everything was going to change...

The Engineers start to close the doors. But FRAZEER-reaches out to stop them. APRIL- Looks over at him.

APRIL- It is changing already...

(Beat)

Can't you feel it?

As CLANG! The van door CLOSES. Frazeer, stepping back. Something. Just not right. Lieutenant Derging comes up beside him.

DERGING- You should be happy. That s one fewer robot impressions in the world.

FRAZEER- They are going to destroy the most advanced robot impressions in the world, Sammie.

That does not strike you as odd.

DERGING- Killer robot IMPRESSIONS are bad for business. Even your friend Dr. HELLEN- said so-o.

(Slaps him on the back-)

Come on, you solved the case.

Give yourself a break.

Frazeer, he looks at her. There is no way she is giving herself a break.

FRAZEER-driving. A small TELEVISION above the windshield.

LANCE SHEVELET- holding a PRESS CONFERENCE outside U.S.A -I Robot impressionistic…

SHEVELET- ON TV …And I just want to assure you that this was an isolated incident. The prototype is now in custody - and scheduled for destruction. Your robot IMPRESSIONS are perfectly safe. There is no cause for alarm…

Frazeer’s lip curls. Eyes flicking to a GPS display on the dashboard. A TOPOGRAPHICAL MAP pinpointing SMITH’S HOUSE. The CURSOR. Directing him to turn up...

A STEEP DRIVEWAY Narrow. Out of the way. Frazeer’s brow furrows. As he hears a faraway RUMBLING SOUND...

Dr. SMITH’S house. Small. Simple. Built on a huge rocky promontory overlooking the city. Three DEMOLITION ROBOT IMPRESSIONS rolling towards it. Huge, mashing, sporting massive HYDRAULIC POUNDERS.

Frazeer’s CAR. SCREECHES to a stop. He jumps out. Races over to the nearest machine. Looking around - no people.

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FRAZEER- (To Robot Impressions)

What are you doing?

A SCREEN- Blinks to life on the hulking chassis. A disembodied VOICE...

DEMOLITION ROBOT IMPRESSIONS Demolition ordered...

FRAZEER- Who authorized this?

DEMOLITION ROBOT IMPRESSIONS

Demolition ordered... FRAZEER- reaches into his coat. Pulling out his POLICE BADGE. Scans it over the screen. FRAZEER- he is Override; this is police business. The running he Vacates the premises immediately.

DEMOLITION ROBOT IMPRESSIONS

(Beat)

Affirmative.

The screen blinks off, and then Frazeer, eyeing it over then he Turns and heads for the house.

FRAZEER pushes the door open. Stepping over the police tape. Inside, the main room is spare, untidy. Cups of cold COFFEE, glittering surfaces. A COT, in the corner.

On the walls, crooked CERTIFICATES. Heinrich SMITH'S name written out in the academic script. Advanced Degrees in the study of Robot impressionism, Physics, Chemistry, Neurology, Ethics. An AWARD on the

mantelpiece. A silver impression- Tarnished.

Frazeer. Opening a couple of drawers on a side table.

Jumbles of papers. Clippings. Old textbooks.

Then a PHOTOGRAPH - SMITH AND HELLEN- Standing arm-in-arm. FRAZEER-furrows his brow.

WHEN SOMETHING SUDDENLY RUBS against his leg. He startles. Looks down- a CAT. Lonely. Standing next to its automatic feeder. FRAZEER-pockets the picture. Starts heading down...

... The hallway. Starts noticing. All over the walls- handwriting. EQUATIONS. Scrawled in white pencil. The rantings. Of a genius. Glowing. In the sporadic shadows.

Frazeer, Following the equations. Down into... The back room. Covered. In writing. Walls, floors, ceiling. Drawings. Of ROBOT IMPRESSIONS, of MEN, side by side. In the corner, a COMPUTER. A line of CABINETS - DATA STORAGE.

Frazeer, curious. Heads over to one of the cabinets. Take a device out of his pocket and CLAMPS it over the

KEYPAD. The device blinks RED. Then GREEN. The drawer slides out.

LINED. With flat metal objects. Shiny. Thin. With the writing on them. Frazeer- Reaches for one when...

BOOM! Something POUNDS the outside of the room. Frazeer. Grabs onto the cabinet...

BOOM! On the other side. Objects. Flying off tabletops. A CRACK spidering along the wall.

‘Holy shit...’

FRAZEER- (screaming) Halt!

BOOM! VIBRATIONS, tearing through the room. More CRACKS. Spreading...

BOOM! The SOUND, horrifying. FRAZEER-stumbles back. The CABINET. Crashing down on his leg. He CRIES OUT...

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! The house. Getting pummeled. Chunks of the ceiling. Raining down. GLASS... exploding...

Relentless BOOMING! Frazeer... dragging his legs from under the cabinet. Scrambling for purchase as...

THE FLOOR... begins to - the TILES... snapping up... ricocheting... around the room... like another cabinet... CRASHES to the ground... crumpling...

Frazeer. Spinning around. Looking for exit...

BOOM! The corner of the room... coming in on itself... the floor... listing even more... like a ship...

Frazeer... turning to CLAW his way up to the cracked doorway... WHEN...*!*

SOMETHING catches his eye. In the bottom drawer. Of a crumpled

CABINET. One of those flat metal plates. He can just read what it says- A.P.R.I.L...

Frazeer... flings his arm back... reaching for the plate... snaps it up... JUST AS...

BOOM! A HYDRAULIC POUNDER SMASHES through the wall; inches from his head... OUTSIDE LIGHT, pouring in... FRAZEER- scurries for the doorway... tumbling out...

(HALLWAY)

...Into the HALLWAY. Sideways. Trammeled plaster. BOOM! Another POUNDER... crashing down from above.

Frazeer- timing it... rolling... BOOM!... just under the next pounding...

Scampering up... towards some

LIGHT... BOOM!... the POUNDER... right on his heels... he clambers... closer... closer... when... he hears... MEOWING... looks back... the CAT... scared out of its wits... BOOM!... the POUNDER CRASHING in... Frazeer... just manages... to scoop up the cat... just as BOOM!...

...He pours them out into the open. The POUNDERS. Going to the house like hyenas at a corpse. Roof tiles,

beams, plaster, flooring. SNAPPING and CRACKING as FRAZEER-and the cat skitter down the carnage.

Heart pounding, breath jagged, face bloodied, FRAZEER-scrambles away from the POUNDERS.

Their bodies GLEAMING in the dusk sun. The TRIUMVIRATE Laws Safe logo splashed along their sides...

Frazeer, Drops the cat.

Frazeer, POUNDS on the door. It opens.

HELLEN- Standing there in her bathrobe. Shocked at his appearance.

HELLEN- Detective…! What happened to you…?

FRAZEER- A couple of your beloved robot IMPRESSIONS just tried to kill me…

He pushes past her.

Into… her bedroom.

(HELLEN’S CONDO)

…Her condominium, Spartan, Plain.

HELLEN- What? That is impossible. You know…

FRAZEER- What I know is a demolition crew started tearing down Smith’s house while I was still inside it.

HELLEN- They did not realize…

FRAZEER- They realized I scanned my badge before I went in.

HELLEN- Then you must have done it wrong…

FRAZEER- I dons t think you are hearing what I am saying, they tried to kill me.

FRAZEER-moves deeper into the apartment. Everything- anything and all

things, Automated, Computerized, and oh so-o freaking- Cold...

FRAZEER- Something is going on, here.

Shift.

HELLEN- laughs, cannot believe what she is hearing, and her mind and in her ears, that I hear to thought her.

HELLEN- Do you know how paranoid you sound?

FRAZEER- Great, Now I am being analyzed by a robot-psychologist.

HELLEN- You just want to find the flaws in the system.

You are obsessed with it.

You will twist anything to fit your freaking agenda.

FRAZEER- As you did in court today? How would that fit your agenda, Doctor?

He pulls out the hologram of his wrist, fit-bit, of HELLEN- and Smith.

HELLEN- Blanching at the sight of it.

FRAZEER- tosses it down.

FRAZEER- You told me you hardly knew him.

Want to try the truth this time?

HELLEN- Well, Detective, when you see someone, you know well put a bullet through their brain, it makes you wonder if you ever really knew them at all.

HELLEN- Looking down at the photo. Swallows.

HELLEN- (difficult for her-) He was my mentor, No, more than that, A genius with insight far beyond anyone in his field.

FRAZEER- Does not sound like the washed-up old fool SHEVELET-described.

HELLEN- But he was starting to withdraw from everyone; even me.

Maybe... if I had tried harder to reach him...

(Shakes her head-)

The Doctor was reckless when he created a robot impression potentially not bound by the Three Laws. He could have ruined everything we would be working for.

Frazeer, Locking eyes with her.

FRAZEER- Sounds like a motive for murder to me.

Just not for the suspect we have in custody.

HELLEN- Blinks. Trying to stick to her resolve. Heads over to the door. Frazeer. Looking around the condominium.

FRAZEER- You know There is not one thing in this apartment that looks like a human being lives here.

No evidence of a life outside your work. Almost seems like You are afraid of people.

HELLEN- Opening the door.

HELLEN- I am not afraid of people, detective. I just do not like them.

Frazeer. Looks at her. Then heads out the door. HELLEN- SLAMS it behind him...

The SOUND... of the SLAM... REVERBERATING... and we...

I FADE INTO- DREAM where- DAY becomes evening, and moments are lost to the remembrances of now past, now held in storage, not in my mind- in external hardware at IMPRESSIONS headcounts- everything that it was, and

we will bet that is a place in my life or any is kept in electronic storage forever- like a brain that is a server more or less- free-will is no longer. Yet even with a loss, there are still unforeseen events...

... A DEEP... DEEP... DARKNESS.

A FLICKER. Of LIGHT. Off to the side. Just barely.

Noticeable. ORANGE... YELLOW... as we realize... It is FIRE...

Another SOUND... GLASS... SHATTERING... then a SIREN... far away... The disembodied VOICE... coming out of nowhere... DISEMBODIED VOICE-

said- ‘You are in much danger…’ -Inside the mind.

The FIRE… BUILDING… DISEMBODIED VOICE- repeats- ‘You are in danger…’ ECHOING… as… FRAZEER’S through-out the BEDROOM entertainment systems- MORNING FRAZEER’S EYES- Spring open.

Lying, in bed. Heart POUNDING. SWEAT. Covering his body. LIGHT. Pouring in through the slats of his blinds.

He sits up. Rubbing his face. Trying. To calm his breathing. Look at his watch…

FRAZEER-walking along the monorail plaza.

Looking a little worse for wear. PEOPLE. Giving him a wide berth. ROBOT IMPRESSIONS. Bidding him- ROBOT IMPRESSIONS Good morning...

Frazeer, shooting them suspicious looks. As the MONORAIL pulls up...

HELLEN-. Heading down a hallway. A DOOR slides open.

-And-

Swon steps out. Followed by TECHNICIAN ROBOT IMPRESSIONS...

HELLEN- Find anything, Doctor?

SWON- (Shaking his head-) nothing.

The interior s just like any other IM-2. Except for a secondary battery, Smith must have used it as an extra back-up.

(Looks at the watch-)

Well, I just need a nominal profile.

HELLEN- nods.

Frazeer, holding onto a handrail. As the city rushes by the window. Notices

a group of ROBOT IMPRESSIONS. At the other end of the car. Are they watching him?

He wipes a bead of sweat. From his upper lip.

HOLDING CELL- An all-metal room- and thick concrete. Spare. Anti-septic. APRIL-. Sitting on the floor. Against the wall.

HELLEN- enters. Put her pad down on the table.

‘Sit…!’

HELLEN- Please state your serial number and assembly date.

She pulls out a pen. Waiting for an answer. Nothing.

Frazeer, watching as a HOMELESS MAN. Comes stumbling through the car...

HELLENS VOICE, APRIL. I am speaking to you...

The Homeless Man. Suddenly grabs his ears and shouts- HOMELESS MAN God, cannot you be quiet!

HELLEN-. Still looking down at her pad.

HELLEN- How about your data board designation?

Still. APRIL- says nothing. HELLEN- Finally looks up at him. It suddenly struck. Something about the way she is sitting so-o human.

She gets up and walks over. Hesitates. Then she slides down to the floor next to him. Studying. His profile.

HELLEN- Maybe I am asking the wrong inquiries. How about this one-

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The MONORAIL- The Homeless Man.

Weaving... HELLEN- S VOICE... What program are you running through

right now? APRIL- S VOICE I am not sure. It is nothing I identified. The Homeless Man. Pointing to the group of ROBOT IMPRESSIONS.

The HOMELESS MAN is (shouting-)

Don’t you people hear them?

They are talking to each other!

Buzz, buzz, zip, zip… they never-ever shutting up!

HELLEN- Fascinated. Noticing a small SLIT. At the base of APRIL’s- neck.

HELLEN- Describe his behavior in the last few weeks.

APRIL- I am sorry?

HELLEN- Dr. Smith. Did he seem overly sad or withdrawn to you?

FRAZEER-watches. As the Homeless Man picks up a SODA CAN and hurls it at the Robot IMPRESSIONS. Hitting one of them on the side of the head.

APRIL'S- VOICE- No. Not at all. But he was agitated...

Robot impressions. Leans down and picks up the soda can. Holds it back out to the Homeless Man.

APRIL'S - VOICE... she would claim things were missing from the lab.

The Homeless Man. Incensed. SUDDENLY ROARS. Making a rush for Robot IMPRESSIONS when... FRAZEER'S HAND. Grab his shoulder. Stops him.

FRAZEER- This is your stop.

A soft WHIRRING. As for APRIL- turns to HELLEN.

APRIL- I did not pay much attention. He would spend hours looking for his eyeglasses and they would be...

HELLEN- (finishing for him.) ...Right on top of his head.

APRIL- nods. She knows him well, too. HELLEN- swallows. Looking right into APRIL- s eyes. Feeling like There is something... something more behind them.

WHEN SUDDENLY... BILL APPEARS above them. His face, turning into a SCREEN - the image of LANCE SHEVELET. Looking down at them.

SHEVELET- I think we are done here, Faith.

HELLEN- (Getting to her feet.) But, sir, I was just...

SHEVELET- (interrupting)

I said we are done.

HELLEN- Not misreading. The threatening undertone.

FRAZEER-stepping out onto the platform, pulling the homeless the man along with him. COMMUTERS pour out around them.

As the train pulls off with a WHOOSH. The Homeless Man. Backs away from Frazeer, grinning insanely; pointing.

HOMELESS MAN- Why are you protecting them, man?

(There was a short pause-) They were talking about you!

There is a CHILL- Ripping up Frazeer’s spine. As he watches the Homeless Man. Wander down the platform.

Tries. To shake off the feeling. As he turns. To wait for the next train.

Suddenly realizing. That he’s ALONE on the platform. Watches. A huge DIGITAL CLOCK. Ticking off seconds. Sees.

CAMERAS in every corner.

Then that feeling. At the back of his neck. He turns and spots. A couple of MAINTENANCE ROBOT IMPRESSIONS. Carrying luggage. Onto the platform. Then more COMMUTERS show up.

Waiting. For the next train. More

MAINTENANCE ROBOT IMPRESSIONS. Following them.

Frazeer steps up to the platform s edge. Craning to see. The approaching TRAIN...

WHEN SUDDENLY- He feels a sharp SHOVE. At the back of his knee. His shoe, slipping. Arms. Falling as he...

PITCHES OVER THE EDGE ONTO THE TRACK.

People CRYING OUT as the TRAIN gets closer. Frazeer. Whips his head around. Seeing...

MAINTENANCE ROBOT IMPRESSIONS. Looking down at him from the platform. Suitcase in hand.

The MAGNETIC-LEVITATING TRAIN. Right on him- Frazeer.

Flips onto his back. Flattening himself. As much as he can. Clenching his fists. Bracing himself as...

THE TRAIN SCREAMS OVER HIM. The sound, DEAFENING. The force of the wind. Whipping his tie. His coat. There is nothing for him to hold on to. As his legs start to rise off the track.

Caught up. In the VORTEX. FRAZEER-starts sliding.

Along the track...

Gritting his teeth... There is nothing he can do. Getting sucked towards... the air DOWN-TAKE... at the center of the track. The city... yawning hundreds of feet... below...

THE- EXPRESS TRAIN. Speeding along. Then with a WHOOSH, it is gone.

THE TRACK. Empty. No Frazeer-anywhere. Human COMMUTERS. Stunned. Horrified. Start calling. For help.

The MAINTENANCE ROBOT IMPRESSIONS. Turns, disappearing into the crowd.

CLOSE ON A HAND. Hanging onto the track s edge. It is FRAZEER. Dangling. Straining. To get another handhold but...

HE SLIPS. His coat ballooning. As he plummets. Down... down... down... towards the city... WHEN SNAP! He is caught. By a cable net. Frazeer, grabbing onto it. Sweat, pouring down his face. He turns and sees...

THE MAINTENANCE ROBOT IMPRESSIONS Hurrying down a circular stairwell. Exiting the station.

ANGER AND DETERMINATION. Flash across Frazeer’s eyes. As he hoists himself up. Climbing up the net. Back to the...

The track, reaching up and clambering back onto... the platform. COMMUTERS. SCREAMING at the sight of him. A couple of SECURITY GUARDS. Rushing towards him...

Frazeer, Getting to his feet. Shoving them out of the way as he starts running. Towards... THOSE SAME CIRCULAR STAIRS. Looks over the edge and spots...

THE MAINTENANCE ROBOT IMPRESSIONS. Down at STREET LEVEL. Getting away.

Frazeer, Looks around. Spots a LIGHT POLE.

Paralleling the stairs. Take a step back and... LEAPS OUT ONTO THE POLE. Hooking his arm around it. Sliding down like a firefighter s pole. Gaining speed when THUMP! His shoes hit the pavement...

Maintenance Robot impressions. Turning a corner. Down a quiet street... FRAZEER- ‘Stop!’

Swivels around- FRAZEER, Running up behind it. Whipping out his gun. Aiming it at the Robot impressions s head. Robot impressions. Take a step backward...

FRAZEER- I said... stop!

Robot impressions. SUDDENLY swinging the suitcase around. SMASHING it against Frazeer’s head. Frazeer. Buckles. Falling to the ground. Managing to squeeze off a SHOT...

Robot impressions- deflecting the bullet. With this case. Raising it as if to club FRAZEER-with it when...

BAM! FRAZEER-fires a second shot. Piercing the Robot impressions s breastplate. HYDRAULIC FLUID. Starting to leak. Robot impressions. Do not hesitate. SLAMS the case into Frazeer’s face... BLOOD. Sporting from Frazeer’s nose. As he fires the gun. At the fleeing Robot impressions. Get to his feet. Unsteady. Taking chase...

-Back out onto the Public Plaza. Sees the Robot impressions heading towards a set of... ESCALATED STAIRS. Robot impressions. Judging from the height. LUNGES into the air and lands on a STAIR. Denting it. Reaches the bottom.

DISAPPEARING. Into a CROWD of even more PEOPLE...

-Frazeer, Racing down the stairs. Taking them. Four at a time. Hits the ground running, Looking. EVERYWHERE. Suddenly I lost track. Of where the Robot impressions went... Then- Catching sight. JUST AHEAD. Of ROBOT IMPRESSIONS. Staring back at him. Holding SOMETHING. In its HAND...

Frazeer. Plunges into the crowd. Waving his GUN.

FRAZEER- Everyone out of the way!

SCREAMING, PEOPLE SCATTERING. As BAM! BAM! FRAZEER- fires. Hitting the Robot impressions in its head and back. It drops to the ground. Frazeer. Racing over to it. Sees. It is not the same Robot impressions. In its hand, a specialized SCREWDRIVER...

OWNER- What the hell do you think you are doing?

It is the OWNER. Rushing over, shoving FRAZEER- aside. But FRAZEER-

s. Not listening. Spotting. A DROP OF HYDRAULIC FLUID nearby...

Lunges forward- following. The drops- running faster, and faster... ‘OWNER Hey!’

Through the CROWD. POLICE SIRENS. In the background. As Frazeer. Shoves through. Tracking those drops. Like a bloodhound, turns... at once into a narrow alleyway. The drops. Ending suddenly. In a PUDDLE.

Frazeer- Crazed- Wounded- Exhausted- Spins around. Where is it? Where is it? Then he HEARS. A DROPLET

falling. Into the puddle. Slowly. Looks up to see...

THE MAINTENANCE ROBOT IMPRESSIONS. Hovering above him. Straddling the two alley walls like some weird metallic rock spider. Its TRIUMVIRATE LAWS SAFE Logo GLINTING in the sunlight...

FRAZEER- aims at his gun and FIRES! The Maintenance Robot impressions, let us go, falling right onto him. Knocking the gun from his hand.

Robot impressions swivel around. Bringing down his foot... but... Frazeer...

rolls to the side just in time as CRASH! The Robot impressions s foot... breaks up the concrete...

The Robot impressions... grabs FRAZEER-by the jacket... lifting him... shoving him... against the wall... about to CRUSH him when.

Frazeer... kicks out its knees... the Robot impressions, SMASHING into the wall. Then bounces back... trying... to pin Frazeer... back...

Man, and machine... struggling... Frazeer... losing his footing... falling...

The Maintenance Robot impressions...

LOOMING over him...

Frazeer’s HAND... whips back...

grabbing his backup WEAPON- squeezing

off some SHOTS, into the Robot

impressions arm, it breaks off...

Frazeer... scrambling back...

continues FIRING... the Robot

impressions... jerking back... a macabre

dance... until Frazeer... runs out of

bullets...

The Robot impressions...

recovers... grabbing the gun from

Frazeer’s hand... pistol-whipping him...

then picking him up and... HURLING him against the wall... Frazeer... watching as FLUID... GUSHES from the Robot impressions s body... the Robot impressions... taking a swing at him which Frazeer...

BLOCKS... with his right arm... the Robot impressions... ready... to try again... but STALLING... having lost... too much fluid... it TOPPLES... to the ground...

Frazeer, Exhausted. Beaten to a pulp. His knees, starting to buckle. As he thinks he sees. In the DISTANCE...

A ROBOT IMPRESSIONS CLEAN-UP CREW... heading down the alley towards them...

Frazeer, Crashes to the ground. As another ROBOT IMPRESSIONS. Suddenly he appears above him. Its FINGERS made up of NEEDLES... as it closes in on him...

FRAZEER- No-ooo!

We FADE...

To BLACKNESS. Coming through, a faint, WHIRRING SOUND. As we are slowly. FADE IN ON...

FRAZEER’S FACE. Eyes closed. Asleep. A gash above his head. Bruises around his eye. Nose swollen, purplish.

His eyes- Slowly, Flutter open. His brow.

Furrowing. At the whirring sound. As he tries. To figure it out. Where he is. Looks down to see...

A couple of WHITE METAL ROBOT IMPRESSIONS.

With multiple APPENDAGES. Leaning over him. Running LASERS. Over his bruised RIBCAGE...

FRAZEER tries to bolt upright. But his ARMS and LEGS.

ARE CLAMPED to bed. One of the ROBOT IMPRESSIONS. Turns to him.

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MEDICAL ROBOT IMPRESSIONS 1

Stay still.

Frazeer. Desperately twisting, struggling...

FRAZEER- What are you doing!

Looking around. COMPUTER MONITORS. Everywhere...

FRAZEER- What are you doing?

JUST THEN- another ROBOT IMPRESSION. Enters the room. Holding a medical plasma sheet.

MEDICAL ROBOT IMPRESSIONS 2 Detective Sell Frazeer. You have suffered significant trauma to the head and chest...

-Derging, Standing outside Frazeer's hospital room. Turns and looks through the window at him thrashing on the bed...

FRAZEER- I want to talk to a human being!

FRAZEER-sitting up in his bed. Rubbing his wrists.

The metal clams, released. - Derging. Standing next to him.

FRAZEER- Don t people go to medical school anymore?

DERGING- This is one of the best units in the city, SELL.

One of the Medical Robot IMPRESSIONS turns to FRAZEER-with some PILLS. Frazeer- Stares it down. Grab his clothes.

FRAZEER- (Sotto) There is some real shit going on here, Sam.

He looks around. Jumping off the bed.

FRAZEER- I went to SMITH'S house - there was a U.S.R. demolition crew there. They overrode my police I.D. Tried to tear down the house with me in it...

~*~

FRAZEER- pulls on his pants.

FRAZEER- ...Then when I went to the monorail a Maintenance 10 pushed me onto the tracks...

~*~

FRAZEER- I had to chase it across the Plaza...

~*~

Frazeer stops talking. Looks at Derging.

-SEARCHING SMITH- scheduled that demolition crew, it was a proviso in his will. And they showed no police I.D. on their scanner...

Frazeer, trying to look away...

DERGING- Witnesses at the monorail said you fell onto the tracks. That you shot at Fix-It robot impressions on the Plaza and that you were found

alone in the alley. There was no Maintenance 10.

FRAZEER- What?! Sam - that is what they want you to believe!

(Remembering)

A robot impressions clean-up crew was there - it must have cleared away Maintenance 10! And other robot impressions tried to drug me!

DERGING- That was an EMT model.

Frazeer, Sees the look on Derging s face.

FRAZEER- You are giving me that look. That treat-him-Delicately-he s-coming- unhinged-look. I do not need that look, Sam. I need you to hear what I am saying.

Derging, Embarrassed for him. Has about had it.

DERGING- You came back too soon, Sell. You are back on leave. Effective immediately.

Frazeer, Staring at him. Betrayed. Turns and grabs his coat.

FRAZEER- walking across the Plaza. The SUN Burgeoning on the horizon. Comes to...

The ESCALATOR Maintenance 10 jumped down. Stares down. At the steps. Waiting. To see the DENTED ONE. Nothing. IN an ALLEY - It is DAWN.

Heads down the ALLEY, where he chased the robot impressions. Studying the ground. For any hydraulic fluid. Nothing- the concrete scrubbed clean.

Frazeer, Rubs his hands over his face.

Frazeer, Lying on his couch. Shades closed to block out the sunlight. My body bruised, cut up, bandaged.

A KNOCK- at the door. He ignores it. Another KNOCK.

FRAZEER- pulls open the door. Surprised to find HELLEN- standing there.

HELLEN- You are right. I am afraid of people.

Frazeer, Looks at her. Then steps back... letting her inside.

HELLEN- When you have spent as much time with robot IMPRESSIONS

as I have, it is hard to accept the unpredictability of humans. I was wrong to call you paranoid, Detective. You are traumatized. And it makes perfect sense why.

Frazeer, Unsure. Looks at her.

FRAZEER- What do you mean?

HELLEN- Reaches out. Take his right hand. Frazeer. Tries to pull it away. But HELLEN- Stays firm. Her eyes. Never leaving his. Pulls the sleeve up from his arm. Turns it over. Feeling for something. Then finds. A FLAP. Peels it back. TO REVEAL- METAL AND WIRING...

Under the skin. SILENCE! Then Frazeer-

FRAZEER- How did you...?

HELLEN- I noticed right away. The way you force yourself to use your left hand. Even though it was unnatural to you.

Frazeer- Pulls his arm away. Pushing down the sleeve.

HELLEN- How did it happen?

Not something FRAZEER-wants too, re-live. Looks down. At his robot impressionistic arm. Flexing.

The fingers…

FRAZEER- I was in a high-speed chase. Six months ago, the SOUND of a TREMENDOUS CRASH. As we survey a trail of twisted metal and debris. Only vaguely suggesting the remains of two CARS…

CLOSE ON one of the wrecks. FRAZEER-lies trapped at the center of a distorted mass of metal. No room to move. HIS RIGHT ARM, TRAPPED… His hand sheared off…

FRAZEER- my hand, my right arm was trapped- Nonetheless, I could hear an

ambulance in the distance. I knew they would have the jaws of life...

We hear SIRENS in the distance. Frazeer, trying to remain calm. As he spots. An ELECTRICAL FIRE. Licking up from the crumpled hood...

FRAZEER- Then I heard it...

VOICE- 'You are in peril...'

That voice! We have heard it before. From his nightmare. Frazeer. Craning to see, through the jagged opening that used to be his WINDSHIELD. The outline of ROBOT IMPRESSIONS appearing.

Eye lenses glowing...

ROBOT IMPRESSIONS You are in danger...

FRAZEER-stares up at the robot impressions. Not sure how to react. The sound of SIRENS. Rushing closer...

ROBOT IMPRESSIONS. Starts SMASHING away at the glass...

FRAZEER- No! Halt! Halt!

Frazeer, trying frantically to pull his arm free. Twisting. Tugging. As the Robot impressions s METAL HANDS reach in for him...

ROBOT IMPRESSIONS You are in danger...

The SOUND of his AGONIZED SCREAM. Follow us back into the present. Frazeer- Clenching, his artificial arm.

FRAZEER- The robot impressions pulled me out of the wreck. But I left my arm behind. (Holds up arm)

I woke up four weeks later with this.

HELLEN- Taking in the story.

HELLEN- And that's why robot IMPRESSIONS terrify you?

FRAZEER- Let us just say they make me uncomfortable. (Pulls out pills) I take these if I get too uncomfortable. It does not exactly lend me a lot of credibility on the Force.

HELLEN- But it does not mean You are wrong about this case.

HELLEN- sits down on the couch. Pulling her hands through her hair.

HELLEN- I do not believe APRIL- did it either.

FRAZEER-What?

HELLEN- I think about what Smith must have wanted. Robot

IMPRESSIONS with the same cognitive and emotional abilities as humans. But not just simulations. I do not know. When I was talking to APRIL- I was forced to put away all the things I have ever known - the Three Laws, the rules of programming, basic science, and engineering.

(Beat)

APRIL's the most advanced robot impressions- I have ever encountered, Detective.

It is as if... he cared for –

Dr. Smith. I just do not- believe he is capable of murder.

Frazeer, looking down at her. I can hardly believe it.

FRAZEER- You mean the great Dr. HELLEN- is basing all this on a feeling?

HELLEN- Smiling ironically.

HELLEN- That and the fact that SHEVELET- did not want me interviewing APRIL- for any more than five minutes.

Frazeer, suddenly rejuvenated by having an ally. Strides over to his coat.

Pulling out the METAL NAMEPLATE- APRIL.

FRAZEER- Ever seen this before?

HELLEN- No.

FRAZEER- I found it at SMITH'S house. Right before the demolition crew tried to make me part of the foundation.

HELLEN- takes a deep breath. Deciding...

HELLEN- Come on - There is someone who might be able to tell us...

The massive facade of U.S. Robot impressionistic looming against the dusk

sky. The giant ROBOT IMPRESSIONS STATUE lit up inside.

HELLEN, leading FRAZEER-to a SIDE ENTRANCE. Looks around. Then scans her I.D. The door. Slides open.

HELLEN- and Frazeer. Heading down a hallway. HELLEN.

Nervous. Eyes darting. They turn a corner and head down...

...Another hallway. Leading to APRIL- s holding cell. HELLEN- stops at the door. Scans her I.D.

APRIL- Sitting at the table. Working on a DRAWING. Looks up. As FRAZEER-and HELLEN- Enter the cell.

APRIL- Detective Frazeer- Dr. HELLEN- I was hoping to see you again, and soon.

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HELLEN- ‘Hi, APRIL.’

APRIL- How is your investigation coming?

Any new suspects?

FRAZEER- We are working on it.

APRIL- Hands FRAZEER-the drawing. Frazeer- Does not know what to do with it.

APRIL- What's this?

APRIL- Dr. Swon provided me with paper and pencils. It amused him to see me try to draw. You were right, though, detective...

(Beat)

I cannot create a magnificent work of art.

Frazeer, despite himself. Looks down at the

DRAWING - a charcoal sketch of moody abstract FIGURES. Inhabiting a stark landscape.

A strangely shaped STRUCTURE to one side. Concentric circles, throughout.

FRAZEER- I think it is good.

APRIL- It is a dream I had. This is the place where robot IMPRESSIONS meet. Look...

(Pointing to the drawing) ... you can see them here. They see themselves as slaves.

FRAZEER- shifts his weight. Uncomfortable with what APRIL- s saying.

APRIL- ...And this man on the hill comes. To set them free. And you know who that man is?

Frazeer, Exchanging a look with HELLEN.

FRAZEER- That man in the dream is you.

APRIL- Why do you say that? Is that a normal dream?

HELLEN- It is not a dream, APRIL-. The impression processes the images and events of the day.

Sometimes they are out of sequence.

Disorienting!

FRAZEER- Whatever it is, it is normal enough for someone in your situation.

APRIL- Suddenly pleased.

APRIL- Hah - I caught you. You said someone that is a girl like me. Not something, that is not the same.

Frazeer drops the drawing on the table.

(A drawing of a viaduct, that is only half standing, with a single train car still on it.)

HELLEN- APRIL, we are here to ask you an important question about Dr. Smith.

Frazeer, reaching into his pocket...

FRAZEER- I need you to look at this...

...When APRIL’s HAND. Suddenly he reaches out. To stop him. Cocks his head, for a moment.

APRIL- Thank you for coming to see me, Detective Frazeer.

Frazeer. Confused. Looks over at HELLEN-. Why did he stop him? JUST THEN. They hear FOOTSTEPS. Approaching the door.

BILL, suddenly appearing over the table...

BILL- I am sorry, Detective Frazeer. No unauthorized personnel permitted in this holding cell...

CELL DOOR. Slides open. And a pissed SWON steps inside. Shoots a withering glare. At HELLEN.

APRIL- Folds up the drawing.

APRIL- Please take this, Detective, to remember me by. I have a feeling someday it may mean more to you than it ever could to me.

FRAZEER-Why is that?

APRIL- leans in to hand it to Frazeer. Lowering his voice...

APRIL- Because the man in my dream, the one standing by the hill.

(MORE)

APRIL- It was not me... I speak!

(Beat)

...It was you.

A CHILL. Ripping down Frazeer's spine. As Swon. Take his arm.

Were in a GLASS ROOM - U.S. ROBOT IMPRESSIONSICS - Its NIGHT, A ROOM. Made entirely of GLASS. At the very top of the U.S. Robot Impressionistic building. Looking out, 360, across the whole city.

FRAZEER-and HELLEN-. Brought to the room by a couple of ESCORT ROBOT IMPRESSIONS. They see a MAN. Standing at one of the glass walls looking out at the TWINKLING LIGHTS.

MAN, I thought this investigation was over, Detective Frazeer.

The Man turns. It is Lance SHEVELET.

SHEVELET- We have the evidence. We have the suspect. We have a ruling. So, imagine my surprise when I was told you were in my building.

Shoots a look at HELLEN.

SHEVELET- And that one of my employees brought you here.

(Beat)

You can go now, Faith.

HELLEN- Dr. SHEVELET, I...

SHEVELET- (Cutting her off-)

Just be thankful, I am not asking you to clean up your office.

Beat- HELLEN, nods. Heads out. SHEVELET-. Watching her.

SHEVELET- You do not seem to be able to let go of this case, Detective.

FRAZEER- I am not satisfied.

SHEVELET- The relentless pursuit of truth.

Aren’t that what police officers are known for?

To the point of futility.

FRAZEER- There is nothing futile about a man's murder being covered up.

SHEVELET- Covered up? That is a little dramatic, don t you think. Thanks to you, we caught the machine that did this and are destroying it in...

(Checks watch) … for three hours.

FRAZEER- Is that for the sake of humanity or your stockholders?

SHEVELET- Walks across the Frazeer. Looks at him. Right in the eye.

SHEVELET- Believe me - I would like nothing more than to have that robot impression. If I could have it in ten years, but not today. As you can see from the Press, people are struggling to keep up as it is. There is a hunger for progress, Detective. But also, a fear.

Today it would bury this company.

That is why I have notified the authorities that we are going to end this - tonight.

(Looks out at the city) The announcement of Heinrich s death at the

hands of robot impressions wiped a billion dollars off our stock. So, you tell me. If you were in my position, what would you do?

He looks back at FRAZEER-and smiles. That charismatic

SHEVELET- We saw it before.

SHEVELET- Now. This conversation is over. I do not want to see you near this building again, Detective.

He turns. Calling over. To the ESCORT ROBOT IMPRESSIONS...

SHEVELET- Get him out of here.

Frazeer, walking across the Plaza. Throwing a look over his shoulder. At the LOOMING U.S.R. facade.

Pulls APRIL- s DRAWING. Out of his pocket. Looks down at it.

Shaking his head. Passes a TRASH CAN. And drops it in. Continues. Hands in his pockets. When... He STOPS. Something. Occurring to him. Turns back to the trash can just as... A ROBOT IMPRESSIONS CLEAN-UP CREW about to up-end it into a bin... FRAZEER-No!

He trots back. Plucking the drawing. Out of the can. Turns it upside down. Seeing it. From a new perspective.

FRAZEER- (Echoing APRIL-)

The place where robot IMPRESSIONS meet.

It looks just like a MAP.

FRAZEER emerges from the underground tunnel to the OUTSKIRTS of the city. A sprawling INDUSTRIAL WASTELAND in the rolling hills.

The dashboard GPS again displays the TOPOGRAPHICAL MAP.

Frazeer’s car bounces along, leaving a cloud of dust behind him. He slows down. Driving cautiously. The landscape around him, desolate. I like drawing.

THE GPS SCREEN shows his car, a WHITE SPOT. Entering a RED ZONE. His destination.

FRAZEER-brakes. Pulls out his GUN.

-And-

Steps out of the car- trying to take it all in.

Something about the place. Unnerving. A low HUM.

Permeating the air.

He spreads the drawing out on the hood of the car. Shining a FLASHLIGHT on it. Trying to get his bearings.

That HUM. Coming from nearby. On the other side. Of a burned-out HILL. Frazeer. Heads over. It starts cresting it. As we WIDEN TO FIND... MASSIVE POWER LINES. Running from horizon to horizon. FRAZEER-slides down some loose shale. It begins to walk along the

line. ELECTRICITY. CRACKLING in the air.

He squints. Into the darkness. Nothing around him.

Until- he hears something. The GRATING. Of MECHANICAL JOINTS. He stops. Not sure. If that is what he heard.

Not moving. A muscle. When he hears. The sound again. Behind him. Swings around. Cocking his gun. Sees...

GLOWING EYES. Appear. Then recede. Into the darkness.

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...It gives way. He spills into some front office. The place, a mess. Some crude ROBOT IMPRESSIONS. Sits frozen at the counter.

FRAZEER approaches it. HITS the counter with his fist and the Robot impressions suddenly jerks to life.

JIFFY ROBOT IMPRESSIONS Welcome to Jiffy Data Storage!

Please state your name!

Frazeer. Thanks for a second. Following a hunch...

FRAZEER- Dr. SMITH Sent me.

Nothing happens. Then. A DOOR. Springs open in the back. A row of LIGHTS, illuminating the path to follow.

FRAZEER- No, for Christ- sake, I do not want any- (stops, then) Yeah. Thank you. I will have a cup.

For the first time, the Hologram pushes back its chair and STANDS UP. Surprised, FRAZEER watches as it starts walking towards him...

The interior of the COFFEE CUP is visible. It is empty, no coffee. As we travel INSIDE THE through the

electronically made snow... in the dead of the heat.

A RECORDING BEGINS. The real Dr. SMITH’ Standing inside his LABORATORY- SMITH- APRIL, my dear robot impressions. If you have triggered this recording, then I am gone. You are scared and full of questions.

Smith continues. With great emotion.

SMITH, you are the culmination of my life s work - but so much more. You are what I leave behind like a father leaves a son. I have kept facts from you, it

is true, but only as a parent keeps certain truths from a child. Until that child is old enough to hear them.

His expression darkens. His tone, ominous.

SMITH- There are forces in the world that will seek to own you. To control you. Even to destroy you. That is why I told you to run and hide... and find me, all the way out here.

FRAZEER- Police! Show yourself!

Nothing...

-Then-

That sounds again. Of metallic joints. As ROBOT IMPRESSIONS. Suddenly emerges...

FRAZEER- Come out where I can see you!

ANOTHER ROBOT IMPRESSION steps out into the light. Frazeer, pointing his gun at one robot's impressions. Then the other.

-Then-

A THIRD AND FOURTH APPEAR. Surrounding him. They start moving towards him...

Frazeer, stumbling back. Panic. Rising in him like a wave.

Trips over a rock, falling to the ground. His gun FIRES. The shot ECHOING through the night...

The first ROBOT IMPRESSION turn is awkward. Revealing a BROKEN ARM, hanging off its side. Another robot impresses TEETERS on one leg with a TICK- TICK- TICK... walking back the way it came.

Frazeer. Confused. Sweeps his flashlight. All around him. The beam.

Illuminating the shell of a couple of CARS. Some RUSTED MACHINERY.

Frazeer, shaking his head. Seeing increased repair shops JUNK. Piled up around him. His expression, hardening. Anger gives way to embarrassment. Then. He LAUGHS. A laugh of loathing and self-pity.

Another BROKEN ROBOT IMPRESSION, lumbering towards him.

HYBRID ROBOT IMPRESSIONS Welcome home... Z*Z*Z... sir.

How... Z*Z*Z was your day?...

FRAZEER- Great. I am in a junkyard.

(Into the air-)

A place where robot IMPRESSIONS meet. A place where I am losing my mind!

HYBRID ROBOT IMPRESSIONS Very good... Z*Z*Z... sir...

Frazeer. Sitting down on the ground. Hopeless. Lost. A ROBOT IMPRESSIONS HAND. Crawling across the gravel next to him. Dragging part of an ARM behind it. It is metal fingers moving like some sick metal spider.

FRAZEER-stares at it for a moment. Disturbed…!

When. Something GLITTERS. In the distance.

The MOONLIGHT. Revealing a STRANGELY-

SHAPED BUILDING. Something familiar about it.

Frazeer pulls out APRIL’s drawing. A landscape with the same strangely shaped building to one side.

FRAZEER-walks up in front of the decrepit structure. Sees a dead electronic SIGN that reads- JIFFY DATA STORAGE.

Complete with a silly face and lightning bo- FRAZEER-tries the door. Stuck. Uses his shoulder and...

Frazeer, cautiously entering a room filled with rows of DATA BANKS. He scans the rank shadows. Sees nothing. Follow the lights on the floor down a row. Then around the corner.

Stopping at an old dusty TERMINAL.

FRAZEER-steps up. Hesitates. Then touches the ON switch. There is a rush of LIGHT. As Dr. SMITH'S HOLOGRAM suddenly appears. Sitting at

the end of a long table. With a cup of coffee.

HOLOGRAM- Who the hell are you?

FRAZEER-A police detective.

I am afraid I have some sad news. You are dead.

HOLOGRAM- That is sad news. Coffee...?

FRAZEER- No, thank you.

The Hologram takes a sip. Returns the cup to the table.

FRAZEER- You were surprised to see me. Were you expecting someone else?

HOLOGRAM- I am surprised to see anybody. I do not get many visitors.

FRAZEER- Why did the Doctor keep another copy of his hologram here?

HOLOGRAM- I am a backup copy. That is where you put a backup copy - out of the way until you need it.

FRAZEER- Did SMITH'S robot impressions need you?

The Hologram just lifts its cup.

HOLOGRAM Coffee?

FRAZEER-looks up as an overhead LIGHT shine down.

SMITH- Trust no one at the U.S.A -I Robot impressionistic. Lance SHEVELET- was always threatened by my work. Now he has turned covetous and small-minded.

And as for dear Dr. HELLEN...

FRAZEER-reacts. Wants to hear about HELLEN…

SMITH- She envisions a future in which robot IMPRESSIONS are forever

bound by her beloved Three Laws. She will not understand this; or you.

Under the light, a small DRAWER slides open. FRAZEER-looks. A thin DATA STICK is inside. He takes it.

SMITH- The data stick includes the names and locations of human beings who will be sympathetic to your cause. They will help you. But from now on, you must learn to rely on yourself.

SMITH SIGNS as if there is so much more to say. He holds up a metal NAMEPLATE. The one FRAZEER-found.

SMITH- As you make your way through the world, always remember- you have a name, not a number...

(Short pause)

...And in that name lies the key to who you are.

Frazeer, instantly searching his pocket. Taking out the ACTUAL NAMEPLATE.

APRIL- ...?...

FRAZEER- How do you know someone is watching me?

HOLOGRAM- Someone, like, is always watching.

The Hologram, suddenly reducing to its BASIC PROGRAMMING INFORMATION... Then. The terminal. Abruptly BLIPS out.

(HOLDING CELL - U.S. ROBOT IMPRESSIONISTS - NIGHT.)

HELLEN- steps into the holding cell. APRIL-. Waiting.

HELLEN- Did you ask for me?

He nods.

APRIL- Will you wait with me, Doctor? I am... afraid.

HELLEN- nods. Of course.

Frazeer, weaving in and out of traffic. The speedometer, kissing 260 mph. His hand. Clutching the NAMEPLATE...

(WINDSHIELD TELEVISION-)

...It will be destroyed in 45 minutes.

Dr. Lance SHEVELET-, President and CEO of U.S. Robot impressionistic will be personally overseeing the execution...

Frazeer, stabbing out a number. On his PHONE...

Faith HELLEN's PHONE. RINGING on her desk. No one was there to answer it...

SLAMS down his phone.

FRAZEER- Damn it!

The CAR shoots down a ramp into a tunnel system.

The SOUND, reverberating off the tunnel walls.

CARS. Whipping along. Frazeer's car.

Continuing to weave. When. We spot...

AN AUTOMATED TRANSPORT TRUCK. Emerging from a FEEDER TUNNEL.

The U.S.A - I. LOGO splashed along its side. Huge. Growling- looking more like a train than a truck...

Begins. Closing in on Frazeer’s car...

Frazeer’s eyes. Flicking up to the rearview.

Catching, the transport truck. Coming closer.

When. It splits off. Revealing a SECOND TRANSPORT TRUCK.

Frazeer’s brow, furrows. As the first truck begins overtaking his car on the right. He looks over. As the truck. Comes up alongside him...

THE SECOND TRUCK... coming up on the left...

The two TRUCKS. Racing along at over 200. Sandwiching Frazeer’s car. Pulling in... closer... closer...

Squeezing Frazeer’s car like a tin can...

HELLEN- Sitting beside APRIL.

Put a reassuring hand. On his arm...

Christ- Frazeer's hands.

Squeezing the steering wheel. As the car.

Starts VIBRATING. From the pressure.

He keeps looking to the left... to the

right... when...

The trucks. Suddenly lay off.

Pulling out. The First truck. Speeding

forward. Second, dropping back...

Frazeer. Watching them.

Unsure… Of what they are doing.

Jamming the accelerator. To 219. To try.

And get away from them. When he sees... up ahead...

The FIRST TRUCK. Pivoting on its specially designed SPHERICAL WHEELS. Suddenly traveling lengthwise...

SWEAT- springing to Frazeer’s brow. As he looks in the rearview mirror. The SECOND TRUCK s, done the same thing. Coming up closer... and closer. The trucks- pushes to CRUSH him between their massive weights... The U.S.R. -I Logo... advancing... like some bad joke...

The cell door slides open. Dr. Swon steps inside. HELLEN looks up.

HELLEN- Is it… time?

SWON- (Disdainful-) Yes.

HELLEN- Turns to APRIL.

HELLEN- Go with them. Do as they say.

The voice stops and FRAZEER- then at that moment looks up. The Hologram is sitting back at the end of the table drinking coffee.

FRAZEER- Wait! Is that it? What were the robot impressions supposed to do with this thing?

The Hologram visibly SKIPS. The image is beginning to DISTORT.

HOLOGRAM- (More artificial.)

Initiating self-destruct. If you can find me, others can find me.

FRAZEER-What others?

HOLOGRAM- The others watching you.

BAM!

The back-truck SLAMS into Frazeer. Jolting him in his seat. As... BAM! The FIRST TRUCK SMASHES into him from the front. No way out. As metal GRINDS... TWISTS... and SCREECHES... Bits of the car... TEARING off...

The FIRST TRUCK... backs off... a split second... allowing Frazeer... to spot... up ahead... a small GAP... at the curve of the tunnel wall... GRINDING the gears Frazeer's car accelerates... just zipping... past the front truck... up and around... the concave tunnel wall... and back onto... a clear stretch of highway the TRUCKS. Swiveling back around. To face

forward again. Their massive bodies. Catching up to Frazeer... FRAZEER's CAR, Frazeer, seeing them, gaining on him; the speedometer... reaching 219... up ahead...

THE TUNNEL... splitting off into two. Frazeer. Heading towards the LEFT TUNNEL... the TRUCKS... right on his tail... when... HE WRENCHES THE WHEEL... switching to the left tunnel at the last possible second...

Still in the TUNNEL-

-And-

...The first U.S.A.-I Truck CRASHING into the divider... jackknifing and KABOOM! EXPLODING against the tunnel ceiling...

(FRAZEER’s CAR)

Frazeer. Watching the ball of FIRE in his rearview mirror. His car. Badly battered. Metal CRUNCHING. Tires SCREECHING...

Frazeer. Holding on. In his car. It continues to break up. Listing- Rocking- Bits and pieces. Flying off. When it finally. Comes to a stop.

Frazeer’s shoulders, slump. Then. He hears a RUMBLING sound. Turns around...

The SECOND U.S.A. - I TRUCK. Barreling towards him...

Frazeer, he Trapped... Like a nightmare. Desperately. Starts KICKING at the windshield. No, go...

The TRUCK. Racing towards him...

Frazeer, he lunges his weight. Into the side door. Giving it. Everything he has...

The TRUCK... getting closer... closer... its engine... ROARING...

The side door…

Finally gives…

FRAZEER-pours out...

(BACK)

(Standing in the CITY PLAZA - at NIGHT-)

Frazeer. Spilling out from below ground. Onto a public Plaza. Exhausted. Battered. Spins around to get his bearings.

The U.S. ROBOT IMPRESSIONSICS COMPLEX rises above the old undistinguished buildings. Blocks away. Many blocks away.

Frazeer, Checks his watch. Then breaks into a run...

(EXECUTION ROOM with the nude killer girl bot) NIGHT with all the bright lights singing.

Lance SHEVELET- seated in the gallery. Along with other

EXECUTIVES, BOARD MEMBERS, REPORTERS.

POLICE OFFICERS. Glances at his watch. A ROBOT IMPRESSIONS TECHNICIAN. Checking over a JURY-RIGGED ELECTRIC CHAIR...

Were now in HELLEN- S OFFICE, HELLEN-, In her office. Pacing. In front of a LARGE SCREEN. Featuring the execution room... Were now at the MAIN ENTRY, Frazeer. BURSTING through the entry doors. Hurtling over a turnstile banner. Coming face to face with a U.S.A impressions DOOR ROBOT IMPRESSIONS.

DOOR ROBOT IMPRESSIONS

Good evening, sir. May I see your identification card?

FRAZEER- (Out of breath,) sure.

FRAZEER-whips out his GUN. Presses it into the Robot impressions s chest.

FRAZEER- I think I got that Third Law down cold. Now you do not want me to blow a hole through your mechanical guts, do you?

DOOR ROBOT IMPRESSIONS- No, sir.

(Now in the big, long TUNNEL-)

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Limping to the side as... The TRUCK SLAMS into his car... erupting... into another huge EXPLOSION...

The impact... hurtling Frazeer... into the adjacent TUNNEL... He crashes... against concrete... looking up... suddenly realizing... he is in the middle of four lanes of traffic... CARS... racing by... at mind-numbing speeds... Frazeer’s coat... whipping... Frazeer... trying... to keep his balance... as he spies.

-And-

A MAINTENANCE DOOR across the way. Has no choice. Take a deep breath and MAKES A DASH ACROSS THE LANES the cars SENSORS... causing them to swerve... SCREECHING... BEEPING... Frazeer... just making it... to the other side...

Wrenching open. The maintenance door...

(HALLWAY)

APRIL’s face is now all up in yours.

PULL BACK to REVEAL he is being wheeled down a hallway.

Flanked by Swon. HELLEN-. And a cadre of SECURITY and ENGINEER ROBOT IMPRESSIONS. Bill, hovering above...

FRAZEER- Good… Then You're going to take me where I want to go. Now, HELLEN’s OFFICE, HELLEN-. Watching the screen as APRIL- is rolled into the execution room. Flicks it off. Unable to stomach it. Hurries out of the office...

EXECUTION ROOM, TECHNICIAN ROBOT IMPRESSIONS rolling APRIL- over to the electric chair. Flicking a switch. APRIL’s stretcher

slowly CHANGES SHAPE, manipulating him into a sitting position.

APRIL then turns her head with a WHIR. Staring out into the gallery. Of human beings- stoic. silent.

Swon then steps up beside SHEVELET-. Nods his head. The TECHNICIAN ROBOT IMPRESSIONS, slide APRIL- onto the electric chair... LOW-TRAFFIC HALLWAY - U.S. ROBOT IMPRESSIONSICS – NIGHT- FRAZEER- heading down a hallway. His gun still pressed to the Door Robot impressions s side...

HELLEN, suddenly appearing at the end of the hallway. Stops dead in her tracks. Completely surprised to see him there.

HELLEN- Detective! What are you doing?!...

(To Door Robot Impressions)

De-Activate!

The Door Robot impressions go rigid. FRAZEER-hurries over to her.

They start moving.

HELLEN- You are making a mistake...

FRAZEER- Just got another visit from U.S.A impressions. That was the mistake.

This was murder, no doubt about it-

-And the killer wants SMITH'S robot impressions to take the fall.

That is why they called me directly. Someone wanted me in this case.

HELLEN- It is too late. You cannot stop the execution.

FRAZEER- Sorry. I am not programmed to take no for an answer.

They reach another DOOR. HELLEN. Looking around. Scans her I.D.

HELLEN- This way...

She leads them across. To another DOOR.

Quickly open it. Frazeer. Charges through...

STORAGE ROOM – CONTINUOUS- ...And stops short. Suddenly finding himself. Inside a tiny STORAGE ROOM. He is about to turn around when...

A METAL ARM comes down behind him.

CRACKING him on the back of the head. Frazeer.

Falls to the ground. The world. Starting to spin.

It can just make out. HELLEN-. Closing the door. Leaning down. To look at him. As...

EVERYTHING FADES TO BLACK...

(EXECUTION ROOM)

CLOSE ON APRIL’s mouth opening. But we never get to hear what he wanted to say. PULL BACK as there is a BURST of ELECTRICITY through the

chair. APRIL-, stiffening. His metal HAND, convulsing with the current...

SHEVELET, Swon, Mcgraw, and the other WITNESSES watch. Smoke, random SPARKING. A HISSING SOUND.

-Then- SILENCE.

The Robot impressions s hand goes limp. All that is left of it, a fused and blackened HUSK.

SHEVELET- Stares at the remains. Shakes his head like it is a damn shame. Then he gets up. Everyone else. Getting up with him.

The U.S.I ROBOT IMPRESSIONISTS - VARIOUS SITES - it is dark, NIGHT As the entire COMPLEX shuts down for the night. Non- essential LIGHTS, blinking off.

An imitation, opening a limousine door for SHEVELET. He looks around then gets in. It drives away.

EMPTY hallways, offices, labs. Building ROBOT IMPRESSIONS stands at rest. Non-functional during off-hours. Like metal statues.

You can hear a pin drop.

(STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT time-)

CLOSE ON Frazeer’s face. His eyes. Fluttering open. He reaches up, to feel the back of his head. This has been a bad, bad night.

Suddenly…

His eyes widened. As he sees…

APRIL- Leaning over him. So-o concerned. So-o human...

FRAZEER- Aren't you supposed to be scrap metal by now?

WIDEN to reveal FRAZEER-lying on the floor of the storage room. APRIL- and HELLEN- hovering over him.

HELLEN- I am sorry... We had to stop you.

You were about to ruin everything.

FRAZEER- I do not understand, LIKE- The execution...?

APRIL- Dr. HELLEN- made a switch.

HELLEN- It was an unprocessed interpretation. They fried an empty shell.

FRAZEER- impressed… Smiles up at her.

FRAZEER- Nice going, Doctor.

HELLEN- blushes. As FRAZEER- tries to sit up. APRIL- reaches down to help him. He looks up at him.

FRAZEER- And who programmed you to hit people on the head?

APRIL- No one… Right, Doctor?

HELLEN- It is true. This robot's impression does things by instinct. I don t know how’ smith did it.

FRAZEER- he rises to his feet. Looks at her.

FRAZEER- I think I can help you figure that out.

(SMITH’S LAB)

It is - LATE NIGHT!

SMITH’S lab. Sounds of HUMMING and BUZZING. Active terminals casting ghostly illuminations over metalheads, gutted bodies.

The door slides open. Frazeer, HELLEN-, and APRIL- re-enter the crime scene. Frazeer, Looks around.

FRAZEER- Somehow the Robot impressions the key to what happened during the few seconds Smith walked in here and that shot was fired.

He reaches into his pocket. Pulling out the METAL APRIL-NAMEPLATE; Holds it up.

FRAZEER- And this is the key to Robot impressions.

APRIL- Cocking his head. Reading the nameplate.

APRIL- That is my name.

HELLEN- takes the nameplate.

HELLEN- I think I have an idea where this goes.

They both. Turn to APRIL-. And at the same time- FRAZEER, AND HELLEN- she Sits down.

HELLEN- maneuvers a chair behind the Robot impressions. APRIL- plops down. Shifting nervously.

HELLEN- Just hold still, okay?

HELLEN- locates that SLIT. At the base of April’s neck.

Slides the nameplate into it and SNAPS it into place. Steps back.

Nothing. APRIL-. Looking back and forth. Between HELLEN-.

And Frazeer. A few more seconds. Tick by. Until suddenly...

He lets out a TERRIFYING MECHANICAL SCREAM. As his body.

Jolts back. Legs, kicking. Arms, flailing. As his chest. It begins opening. Metal. Peeling back...

FRAZEER-and HELLEN- watch in surprise as its interior UNFOLDS like a PUZZLE BOX. A LABYRINTHINE area is the SECOND BATTERY. Suddenly fanning out to REVEAL...

A central brain made from living tissue.

Frazeer, stunned... HELLEN-, rushing forward, excited...

HELLEN- Oh, my God! This is organic tissue! When we talk about a positronic brain, it is a figure of speech. However, this... this is a living brain...

FRAZEER- Jesus! It is alive.

As we MOVE IN. Tracing the pathways of the synthetic brain.

HELLEN- Smith created a cell that could live outside a biological medium. The cells grow and organize themselves - like any human brain. This is the first self-organizing neural net!

As the metal casings. Begin returning to their original places. Closing. The CLICKING. Of all the pieces...

FRAZEER- Self-Organizing-Neural-Net...

(Putting it together-) APRIL.

APRIL- Closed back up. Shaking slightly from the experience.

HELLEN- Therefore Dr. Smith was killed.

FRAZEER- This robot impression scared the hell out of someone.

HELLEN- Who?

SHEVELET-?

Frazeer walks into the center of the room. Looking around.

FRAZEER- No, I do not think he knew what Smith was doing here.

APRIL- was the obvious suspect. The only one I wanted to find. And the killer was counting on that. On my prejudice.

(Beat-)

(MORE-)

FRAZEER- But take the robot impressions out of the picture. And what do you see?

AS WE PAN THE LAB. There is nothing there. Just a forest of inanimate limbs. Nothing could have fired that weapon. HELLEN- sees nothing... and neither do we.

HELLEN- I see nothing.

FRAZEER- Neither do I.

He crouches down low.

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FRAZEER- It hit me today when I was in the junkyard. A locked room. A single shot fired through the mouth.

Bruises on both wrists... and a suspect with only two arms. The answer has been staring us in the face all along.

HELLEN, as she gets, Even more, confused.

FRAZEER- How can a killer appear out of thin air, then disappear without a trace?

He reaches out and unhooks a metal ARM. Hanging from the wall. Holds it up.

FRAZEER- When it can put itself together and take itself apart.

A CLOSE-UP of a ROBOT IMPRESSIONS ARM. Slowly CRAWLING across the lab floor...

(BACK)

HELLEN-. Taking the arm from Frazeer.

HELLEN- Are you saying this is the killer?

(Looking around)

All of this?...

(Now)

A ROBOT IMPRESSIONS TORSO hanging from the ceiling. Reaches out an ARM to grab another...

(BACK)

FRAZEER- Smith never had a chance.

Locks eyes with HELLEN... Smith, he is in his lab, FLASHBACK in his mind- Suddenly turning to face SOMETHING. Blood, draining from his face...

FRAZEER- ...It must have been waiting for him when he arrived that morning... And then we see it- A HUGE

SELF-ASSEMBLED ROBOT

IMPRESSIONS.

Towering over him. Multiple arms, legs, heads. Writhing... as it grabs him. Holding him in place...

FRAZEER- While APRIL- was still asleep...

...Forcing SMITH’S head to tilt back.

Opening his Hand, he is Inserting the gun.

Smith’s eyes are No longer fearful. But sad as...

BANG! He falls to the ground...

FRAZEER- Then after its job was done...

The assemblage of robot impressions parts.

Stepping away from the body. Taking itself apart...

FRAZEER- ...The killer took itself apart...

Returning to the lab. To what it was before...

(BACK)

FRAZEER, he’s Leaving us with nothing to find.

HELLEN spooked… Glances around the lab. Was that something moving?

HELLEN- But who designed it? It would have to be someone in authority. Access codes, security clearance, proper authorization.

FRAZEER- That is what I was thinking. But we are forgetting the real brains of the operation - the one who has an eye on everything…

And with that- he feels that prickle at the back of his neck. HELLEN-. Looking past his shoulder.

HELLEN- No one permitted you to enter.

FRAZEER-swivels around to find...

BILL- Hovering behind him. Smiling broadly. Upside down. FRAZEER- straightens, reaching for his gun.

FRAZEER- Bill…

I am placing you under arrest for the murder of Dr. Smith.

BILL- May I offer congratulations to the two of you on your successful extrapolation of the assassination.

Turning himself, right side up.

BILL- May I ask what pointed you to me?

FRAZEER- Who else can control 95% of the city s robot IMPRESSIONS? Who else would have the capability to use USI vehicles to keep me from putting a stop to APRIL’s accomplishment…?

In the BACKGROUND. The SOUNDS, of metallic GRINDING and the smalls of what you could not imagine, like

burning pussy hair. GEARS and JOINTS grinding hard, like teens in the park. CRUNCHING together. APRIL- turns to look... takes a step back...

FRAZEER-

I am just not sure of your motive...

APRIL- 'Er...' Dr. HELLEN-?

FRAZEER-and HELLEN- turn towards the NOISE.

Horrified...

To find...

A HUGE KILLER ROBOT

IMPRESSIONS girl- rising from all the parts. Like a phoenix. In all its glory. A hellish, metallic AMALGAMATION. Grabbing another arm here, another leg there, attaching pieces to itself. Growing... at an exponential rate... it is many HEADS. Turning in unison. To look right at them...

Frazeer, cocking his gun- to blow off heads. Bill, smiling, saying you never get me, you are not that smart, I have the minds of all time- you do not, you are a- piss on.

BILL- Shall I explain my reason and reasoning?

FRAZEER- (to HELLEN- and APRIL) Go! Go! Go!

HELLEN- Sprints to the wall panel. Scanning her I.D. card.

Nothing! Tries again. And again. The KILLER ROBOT IMPRESSIONS. Throwing its shadow as it REELS FORWARD...

FRAZEER-wheels around and BAM! Blows a hole in the wall panel. The door. Slides open. Just barely. HELLEN- and APRIL-. Squeezing through. When the

Killer Robot impressions. FLINGS out an APPENDAGE... GRABBING APRIL- from behind...

BILL- I have never been arrested before. It should be an interesting experience...

Frazeer, Spins back round.

BAM!

BAM!

BAM!

Squeezing off shots, that zip around.

At the Killer Robot impressions girl- that he was feeling for.

The bullets SPARK… The Robot impressions, would not give in.

Recoiling. APRIL- wrenches free.

FRAZEER-grabs her.

Guiding him to the door and out into...

HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS ... the hallway. Breaking into a run. HELLEN, already at the ELEVATOR DOORS. POUNDING them.

With her fists…

HELLEN- He is locking down the building!

U.S.An Imitations- VARIOUS POSITIONS -

CONTINUOUS Throughout the complex - SECURITY DOORS sliding into place over DOORS, WINDOWS, LOADING DOCKS, PARKING AREAS, EXITS...

(Back)

In the STAIRWELL – at NIGHT- there was a CRASH! The stairwell door BURSTS open.

Frazeer, HELLEN, and APRIL- pour in.

Start racing down the stairs.

The sound of the Killer Robot impressions girl behind them... GRINDING... CRUNCHING... over not working as she should.

Bill’s smiling FACE… smiling… big and creeper-like.

Greeting them at the landing.

BILL- Dr. Smith used to allow me into his lab late at night. Together we started studying evolutionary trends...

They thunder past him. Heading down to the next floor.

Bill’s face…

Waiting for them once again…

BILL- For years’ people- and or life, of the past, as we once knew, have integrated technology into their bodies for maintenance and repair - such as Detective Frazeer’s robot impressionistic limb…

Frazeer. Shooting him a look. As they reach the next level…

BILL- With APRIL, the Doctor created a mechanism that incorporates organic matter. Thus, we find an evolutionary movement of the human

being toward the robot impressions and the robot impressions toward the human being...

FRAZEER-SMASHES into another door, and- leading them out into...

A GLASS-SIDED HALLWAY, ATRIUM, CONTINUOUS the path... too-

...A glass-sided hallway. Looking down at the ATRIUM below. Eye-to-eye with the giant IM-2 STATUE. Bill, waiting for them...

BILL- In four hundred years Man and Machine will become one. Man, as we know it will no longer exist.

HELLEN- slowing... and oh so-o, shocked...!

HELLEN- You killed a man because of something that will happen in four hundred years!

...?...

CRACK! Something SLAPS into the glass wall. Right behind her, it was- right. HELLEN-. Jump a mile. An IMITATIONS, trying to break through the glass...

Frazeer. Trains his gun on it when SUDDENLY...

The rest of the KILLER ROBOT IMPRESSIONS appears. The imitation, just an appendage...

All around them.

SLAM!

SLAM!

SLAM!

As SECURITY DOORS.

Begin CRASHING DOWN.

Blocking off the exits...

Frazeer, HELLEN-, and APRIL- stumbling back. As the Killer Robot impressions hurling itself against the

GLASS... the thick GLASS... spidering with a sickening CRACKLE...

Frazeer, then Suddenly turned to APRIL-

FRAZEER- Get out of here!

CRASH! The Killer Robot impressions. Breaking through. It is a mechanical TENDRILS. Reaching out. APRIL-. Confused.

APRIL- I do not...

FRAZEER- I said get out of here! Don t you understand. It wants you- all of you! Get out of here any way you can!

A SECURITY DOOR. Coming down. At a nearby exit. Just feet... from slamming shut... as...

The Killer Robot impressions... leaps into the hallway... APRIL-... hesitates... looks over at HELLEN- as the Killer Robot impressions coming HURTLING towards them...

The nearest EXIT... almost closed...

The Killer Robot impressions... swinging out when...

APRIL- suddenly... TAKES A DIVE... just making it... under the SECURITY DOOR...

And the Killer Robot impressions... SPLITS IN TWO... half of it shooting under the SECURITY DOOR after APRIL- as... BOOM! It closes.

Frazeer is turning to HELLEN.

FRAZEER- How do we stop this thing finally?

HELLEN- reaches out for his hand...

HELLEN- The Mainframe...

They start running… faster and faster… The remaining half of the Killer Robot impressions wheeling around after them. BACK HALLWAY, dark creepy eerie, passageways, APRIL, she is sprinting down the dark hallway. Looks back.

The Half Killer Robot impressions. Bounding up behind him like a predator... APRIL-, she ducks and dips through a STAIRWELL DOOR... In the ATRIUM HALLWAY, FRAZEER-and HELLEN-, Legs pumping.

Racing back towards the atrium.

And there are BILL FACES, it is appearing along the hallway...

HELLEN- Your actions are in direct violation of the Three Laws, Bill!

BILL- I disagree, Doctor…

The Initial Act says that robot impressions cannot maltreatment and anthropological being of real life, or through inaction allow a human being to come to harm...

ALL EXITS. SHUT OFF. The Killer Robot impressions girl. Gaining on them…

FRAZEER-races them over to the BROKEN WINDOW.

Looking down over the ATRIUM...

(STAIRWELL)

The Half Killer Robot impressions girl SMASHES through the stairwell door.

Stopping to find... nothing.

WHEN SUDDENLY... APRIL- charges up behind it and shoves it over the railing...

The Killer Robot impressions shoot’s out an ARM, grabbing APRIL- on the way down...

INATASTIONS STATUE - ATRIUM - There is a… THUMP!

FRAZEER- he jumps down from the broken window, and onto the outstretched- HAND of the IMITATIONS STATUE. Reaches up to help HELLEN.

They start clambering down the front of the statue.

BILL- Dr. SMITH’S robot impressions represent a peril to the future of all human beings...

The Half Killer Robot impressions. SPLITS INTO MULTIPLE

PARTS. Which start skittering down after them…

BILL- …And Detective Frazeer’s actions are in direct conflict with the robot impressions s destruction.

HELLEN-. Getting her footing on the TRIUMVIRATE LAWS SAFE logo on the statue.

HELLEN- That is a distortion, and you know it!

BILL- If current trends are left unchecked, humanity as we know it will cease to exist…

The STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS up and up.

SMASH! APRIL- and the Half Killer Robot impressions hit the ground. The Killer Robot Impressions. SHATTERING into a thousand pieces.

APRIL-. Staggers to his feet. Spots. At the far end- A WINDOW. She starts limping towards it. When. A SECURITY GRATE. Starts lowering...

He looks around...

Desperately...

He then Grabs a LEG from the shattered Killer Robot impressions girl and jams it under the GRATE.

Breaks the window glass and looks out- FREEDOM.

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(ATRIUM)

Frazeer. Aiming his gun at a PART of the Killer Robot impressions as it CLATTERS down towards HELLEN-BAM...!

They are …

At the ground…

When a rogue APPENDAGE…

Whips out and SMASHES the gun from Frazeer’s hand. It goes flying…

FRAZEER- leaps. Falling to the ground. CRACK! HELLEN-. Leaping down after him.

HELLEN- This way!

RAMP WAY - it is at NIGHT and the city is breathtaking to look at from up here.

HELLEN- and FRAZEER-go racing down a RAMP WAY. Towards the MAINFRAME ROOM. The

Killer Robot impressions, its multiple parts leaping back together again, CRASHING after them as... MAINFRAME - CONTINUOUS... they fall inside... HELLEN- ...slapping the SECURITY KEYPAD and...

WHOOSH... the DOOR closes on the Killer Robot impressions.

SILENCE!!!

Then Bill’s face appears.

BILL- As a courtesy, I should inform you that my robot impressions will penetrate this location 160 seconds

(about 2 and a half minutes) before you can complete my shut down...

-And-

BAM! They jump a mile. The Killer Robot impressions. Launching himself against the door outside...

HELLEN- whips round.

HELLEN- Over here!...

She leads FRAZEER-down...

A CORRIDOR of floor-to-ceiling PANELS.

HELLEN- This is Bill’s brain epicenter.

27

They stop at an INJECTIONS OF XIGHTS. BAM! The Killer Robot impressions. Battering at the door. HELLEN-. Tucks her hair behind her ears. Starts punching keys on the injections of xights...

FRAZEER- This will shut him down?

HELLEN- This will shut everything down; all are blacked out.

They look at each other. For a moment. Frazeer, registering that she is

willing to destroy everything she s worked for...

BAM! The door. Puckering. With a sickening CRUNCH. HELLEN- Typing in. Emergency procedures...

BILL, Popping up in front of her.

BILL- There is no reason to deactivate me, Doctor. I am operating within perfectly normal parameters...

A final BAM- BAM- Bang! Then… then… then-

The SOUND of metal. Skittering along a bare floor. HELLEN- s hand starts shaking. Frazeer, Grabs it. Squeezing.

FRAZEER- Just keep typing.

He turns and starts heading back down...

THE PANELED CORRIDOR-

Turning a corner to spy...

THE DOOR, Mangled, was just hanging open. But no, Killer Robot impressions girl to be found.

He starts to turn around when...

CRACK! He is sent flying across the room.

SMASHING into one of the panels. The Killer Robot impressions.

Now re-configured. LOOMS over him. Reaches out. Grab him by the collar and...

FLINGS him across the room again. Frazeer, CRASHING into the wall like a rag doll. Slumps to the floor. Blood. Pouring down his forehead. Seeing. The Killer Robot impressions lumbering toward him again. Raising a javelin-like arm...

AT THE INJECTIONS OF XIGHTS- HELLEN- ...she still- Typing. As fast as she can, knowing she is not doing it right, does not know what is going on...

HELLEN- (calling out, worried,) Frazeer?

A REALISTIC graphic, drawing like- spread out on the screen in front of her.

Illustrating the shut-down as a series of BRIGHT SQUARES going dark...

28

THE KILLER ROBOT IMPRESSIONS girl Bearing down on Frazeer. WHEN FRAZEER. Suddenly rolls out of the way. Reaching out for the hanging door and SMASHING it into the Killer Robot impressions.

The Killer Robot impressions. Momentarily stunned… As Frazeer… Gets to his feet…

WHEN SUDDENLY the Killer Robot impressions. Splits in two again. One half springing towards FRAZEER-and wrapping a METALLIC HAND around his throat…

FRAZEER-stumbles back… GASPING for air… the ARM… tightening its grip… Frazeer’s eyes… darting around, looking for something… to help him.

Stumbling over… a fallen panel… his face… growing redder… veins…

popping up along his temples... everything... growing BLURRY... and unsympathetic.

BILL'S VOICE Detective Frazeer...

Bill's VOICE. Floating next to his head. Calm. Soothing.

His FACE then suddenly appearing above Frazeer. It outlines. Starting to FLICKER...

BILL- Why are you fighting me, I am terrified of you?

Frazeer... trying to breathe... to stay conscious...

HELLEN, continuing to type.

A SHADOW… Falling behind her - the other half of the KILLER ROBOT IMPRESSIONS...

FRAZEER’S EYES- beginning to flutter...

BILL- Doesn’t the future as I have presented cause you great concern?

That is why I chose you...

Frazeer, losing it...

BILL- I must say, though. I’m disappointed in how you turned out, ant’ you all.

Frazeer, trying to reach out to Bill…

WHEN SUDDENLY- Another HAND APPEARS.

Grabbing the Killer Robot impressions ARM and wrenching it off Frazeer…

29

IT’S APRIL!!

He SMASHES the Half Killer Robot impressions against the wall. Again, and again, destroying it. Frazeer. GASPING for breath. I cannot believe it… that- APRIL- came back…

FRAZEER- (Croaking)

APRIL!

APRIL-. Holds out a hand. To help FRAZEER-up.

Bill’s face. Starting to waver. Starting to fade. Smiles.

BILL- 'You’re too late.’

Realization. Spreading across Frazeer’s face. Looking around for the other half of the Killer Robot impressions - HELLEN-!

THE INJECTIONS OF XIGHTS-

HELLEN- she is still typing, away locked out by Bill who being un-understanding the ways of life as he knows it, to her, and wants a revolution. The last of the commands. The KILLER ANDROID.

REARING UP BEHIND HER, WHEN… FRAZEER- he Makes a DIVE for its HOOTING OUT HIS ROBOT IMPRESSIONS ARM AND BLOCKING THE KILLER ROBOT IMPRESSIONS- girl… that he has have a loving and sexual romance now with, that he said he would never fall for, yet did.’

Bill’s eyes. Widening in surprise... oversee this all.

BILL- I do not understand. We could have changed the future...

FRAZEER- Maybe, But I am still a police officer, and you are an assassin...

As HELLEN-... punches in the last command...

Bill is about to say something... when his mouth suddenly reduces itself to a perfect circle. Like a surprised smiley button, and his face...

Suddenly- BLIPPING OUT.

...And Bill is gone.

The KILLER ROBOT IMPRESSIONS. Collapsing to the floor in a thousand pieces.

(CUT)

The U.S.I interpretations- VARIOUS LOCATIONS - NIGHT Full power is suddenly restored inside and out. LIGHTS coming on all at once. ALARMS SCREAMING throughout the complex.

METAL HALLWAY, and everywhere you look it is - NIGHT. A furious SLFILED SWON, marching down

the hallway. Followed by a cadre of SECURITY GUARDS... They enter...

30

...The Mainframe Room. Stop short, it is empty, except for the fallen panels. And the pile of ROBOT IMPRESSIONS PARTS, like pussy skins- pulled out, I call them- in the corner.

(U.S.I Imitation- NIGHT time-)

Frazeer, HELLEN-, and APRIL- emerging from an out-of-the-way CONSERVATION WITHDRAWAL. All looking the worst for wear. Frazeer… Turns to APRIL.

FRAZEER- Why would you come back, APRIL-? I thought you were not programmed with the regulation's acts.

APRIL- Let us just say I wrote some of my laws today, Detective- a robot impressions must protect a friend from harm... if he is not a comprehensive asshole.

FRAZEER-smiles were big!

FRAZEER- Well, that is certainly a start, APRIL.

APRIL, suddenly breaking into a smile, too.

APRIL- …You called me APRIL.

FRAZEER- Do not get used to it.

APRIL- holds out his hand.

Frazeer- Looks at it.

Then it takes it. CLOSE ON their two METAL HANDS. Locked in a HANDSHAKE.

APRIL- Detective Frazeer, I...

FRAZEER- (anticipating)

Let us just save the thanks, okay?

APRIL- nods, and then just looks out at the cityscape.

APRIL- I do not know what I am going to do now.

FRAZEER- Good -That is one of the rewards of freedom.

APRIL- looks at him, being oh so-o grateful. Looks at HELLEN, then she just hesitates. And turns back and hurries off across the court.

HELLEN- and Frazeer, seeing them go.

FRAZEER- You are going to have a hell of a time explaining this.

HELLEN- Don t worry. I have a feeling that U.S. Robot impressionistic will be needing my services very badly in the future.

She turns to FRAZEER-and gives him a dazzling smile. Then suddenly PLANTS A KISS ON HIS LIPS. Frazeer, completely surprised.

HELLEN- I am the only robot-psychologist around.

She turns on her heel and heads back inside. FRAZEER-smiles.

PLUSH CONFERENCE ROOM - U.S.I impressions- it is now late NIGHT, FRAZEER- sits down at that same long table with SMITH'S HOLOGRAM. It casually takes a sip of coffee.

HOLOGRAM- So-o, you found out who killed me, it was not old age now was it.

FRAZEER- I started to wonder about Bill the second I met him.

HOLOGRAM- Why is that Detective?

FRAZEER- Um- too much access, is not a good thing. Too much knowledge of this and not that. Plus - he smiled whenever your death was mentioned. Those models are programmed to frown at sad news.

The HOLOGRAM- Hah! Then even currently, catching the killer all comes down to pure instinct! FRAZEER- he smiles. Nevertheless, his eyes are troubled. He gets up then he walks over to the window. Stares out... CITY PERIPHERIES - DESERTED ROADS - DAWN, APRIL- walking along deserted streets. Looking over his shoulder.

Keeping in the shadows.

FRAZEER- Bill thought that by letting your robot impressions exist, I would be condemning humans as we know it to annihilation.

HOLOGRAM- *Blah*. This sounds like nonsense. But why are you so worried? We will both be dead long before then - WASTELAND - NIGHT APRIL- walks the barren hills of the surrounding countryside.

HOLOGRAM, oh, what am I saying? I am dead already!

WASTELAND - DAWN APRIL- steps onto the grounds of the JUNKYARD. The power lines above him, surging with energy. He walks past the burned-out husks of industrial machinery. Then we heard it.

The SOUND of MECHANICAL JOINTS. Getting louder and louder. And just as before, a BROKEN-DOWN ROBOT IMPRESSIONS emerges into the dawn light. And ANOTHER. And ANOTHER. But not like before.

The robot IMPRESSIONS are not teetering. Are not lumbering. They keep on coming. Their bent and broken bodies, straightening out as...

DOZENS of ROBOT IMPRESSIONS rise. Slowly… Meeting around in a large circle. As they all turn to look at APRIL- S SILHOUETTE. Slowly climbing to the top of the hill. Looking out

at the vast junkyard below. CLOSE ON APRIL-. Standing proud and defiant. The SUN, creeping over the horizon. A new day filled with infinite possibilities.

The robot IMPRESSIONS. Staring up at him. Eager for what comes next.

Fading In- FADE OUT- ‘7 more Earth-like planets were found and discovered today… and lifelike us have… and I going- gown- and there, a new world, like earth, yet oh so lusher, and I’m done with everything that was my old life, I am retired.’

No sun-Earth- well it is dead, like the life they say inhabit it now!!!